

THIS QUARTER

Edited & Published by EDWARD W. TITUS

Vol. II.

No. 2

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for October-November-December 1929

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Printed in France.

THIS QUARTER

October - November - December 1929

EDITORIALLY:

THE RICHARD ALDINGTON POETRY PRIZE OF 2,500 FRANCS.

to be awarded to the ablest young American Poet whose work has appeared in This Quarter.

I

The prize established by Mr. Richard Aldington is an annual one of Two Thousand Five Hundred Francs, to continue for at least three years, and to be awarded by THIS QUARTER.

2

The award will be by THIS QUARTER's editorial committee, subject in the last resort to Mr. Aldington's approval.

3

The prize-winner must be of American nationality and have contributed to at least one issue of THIS QUARTER during the previous year.

4

In making the award the poet's whole output will be taken into consideration, not merely his particular contribution.

5

The award may be made to a young poet not yet known to the public or to one whose work has been overlooked.



NOTICE : All submitted material should be typed, with full name and address appearing on each poem. Affix full

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foreign postage. All accepted poems will be paid for after printing. We regret that owing to the difficulty of obtaining suitable help in a non-English speaking country even most ordinary amenities can but rarely be observed. The return of unaccepted material is one of them, and correspondence relating to it another. It would be wisest therefore to count on neither. Address envelopes : *The Editor, THIS QUARTER, 4, rue Delambre, Montparnasse, PARIS, FRANCE.*

We cannot but own to a sense of excusable gratification at Mr. Aldington's appointment of *THIS QUARTER* as the distributor of his bounty and his choice of it as the medium whose contributors alone are to be its beneficiaries.

Mr. Aldington personally considers the prize valuable only in so far as it may serve as a means of attracting attention to the work of poets likely to prove of interest and promise. In the letter we received from him establishing the terms of the award Mr. Aldington expresses the hope, which we share with him, that some one with more money than writers have at their disposal will come forward and offer to give a dollar for every franc of the prize and thus make it of financial as well as honorary value. The letter explains further that Mr. Aldington has been profoundly touched by the whole-hearted appreciation in America of his novel *The Death of a Hero*, and that he intends this prize to an American poet to be in the nature of a slight expression of his gratitude to that country.

Englishman, poet, novelist, essayist, classicist, critic, student of foreign literatures and their translator, Mr. Richard Aldington is a type of an all-round, complete, modern man of letters whom England produces at rare intervals, France more frequently and America still holds in concealment. We have not been caught unawares by the great success which has recently fallen to his share. Those who, as ourselves, have, with ever growing interest and admiration, been watching his career from its earliest beginnings, felt that it was only a question of time when his important many-faceted contribution to English letters would meet with that larger public recognition which in our day, at best but feebly and

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inconsequentially, translates into Dollars and Sterling. Our personal leanings being, for better or worse, rather dominantly towards the poets and their poetry, we cannot help if despite Mr. Aldington's well-deserved triumph as a novelist, despite the mastery of his prose, we still wish to be counted amongst those "who thought the crowd should praise his verses." The foundation of this prize for poetry, it would seem, signifies a focussing of Mr. Aldington's own innermost, and perhaps decisive, leanings unmistakably upon poetry.

A poet's award to poets is, we believe, without precedent. An English poet's award to the poets of America is a cheering symbol of the brotherhood of poets.



THE PLIGHT OF YOUNG WRITERS

It would be cause for sincere regret if the little magazine movement in America had become absolutely sterile. The revoltours would be dazed to discover that no one at all was interested in their work, after the years of consolation, when they were assured of a small audience and the good opinion of an editor who dwelt in a far off city. What would they do? Which way would they turn? And where would the new young writers go to find a hearing for their work?

Such a sober thought occurs not after a reading of the Dial obituary notice, or a sad awareness that The Exile has suspended publication, or even that the Administration of The Little Review has attempted, by a final shrug of the shoulders and quotations from their authors themselves, to show that "modern" writing has all gone down the chute... No, it is far more sobering to simply glance at little magazine editorial staffs, advisers, and so on, and the lists of steady contributors.

One has in mind at least two magazines, one published in Paris and given over to pogroms... no, programs, — manifestos, symposia, revolutions and obsessions, and another printed far away in the Middle West of the United States, that had the laudable intention of finding new American rhythms. One or two editors of the Paris magazine are represented on the advisory board of the middle western

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magazine, whose revolted editors, in turn, appear not infrequently in the Paris magazine. Now one understands that a great creative movement sometimes knows no frontiers and may indeed become international in its influence, but in the present case it is disheartening to notice that aside from a kind of common editorial influence and motive, — if any determinate, recognizable motive there be, — many, many of the contributors to the one magazine are the steady contributors to the other. The nebulous inspiration seems to have a common cause, equally nebulous, and not infrequently a marked similarity of jargon. The point is that the little magazines have degenerated into a narrow medium for the expression of the thoughts and opinions of a few kindred souls, who not only control the editorial policy, but are frequently the most prolific contributors. It is ridiculous to assume, and if it were not ridiculous, it would be pathetic to assume, that these few people, often well known to one another, and in expressed hearty sympathy with one another, are the advance guard of American letters, with headquarters in Paris and the Middle West. How can a reader have much enthusiasm for experimental work in prose and verse when he buys a magazine in Paris, reads the contents, goes back home to America to the Middle West, buys the local magazine of American rhythms, and finds he is again hearing the same voice, repeating the same refrain. Has experimental work in America fallen into the hands of a closed corporation? One recalls a well known American poet, Dr. William Carlos Williams, who has often expressed it as his belief, that a poet ought to be able to grow right out of his own soil, almost independently of a literature that had been before him. If this were possible, certainly there would be variety in the contributions to the little magazine of the day. Now, instead, most of the contributors seem to have come from the same cabbage patch, — product of one fertilizer.

What would be the purpose in suggesting that the Paris magazine for example, goes on printing the work of James Joyce? Surely its policy, aspirations, contributions, denials and regrets have nothing whatever to do with James Joyce, who exists quite independently of the magazine. It would be interesting to watch the career of the magazine independently of the work and the influence of Joyce. And yet, there must be many young writers who would like to go their own way, or feel at least they could offer work to

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these magazines without presenting credentials as to provenance of influence or previous servitude or entering into bonds for the performance of unheard of inanities.

The period, the end of something, a barren ground, a condition of chaos due to an egotistical or neurotic refusal to rely on a cultural tradition, may be offered as an explanation for the dearth of a varied, interesting, and experimental work. But it is rather unfortunate that so much of the work done within the narrow radius of the closed corporation should be an orgy in what constitutes the most lamentable features of any transition period, incoherence, confusion and denial of form. There was a time when some of the serious poets and prose writers in America, writers with minds and convictions and craft-consciousness to speak from, used to contribute to the experimental magazines, and nowadays they have withdrawn, gone, one knows not where. Only the magazines go on for the edification of the editorial boards.

Mr. Yvor Winters, collaborating with a group of serious and courageous writers, edits and publishes at Palo Alto, California, a little mimeographed magazine, *The Gyroscope*, which furnishes a perfect example of usefulness and originality without departure from sanity or cultural amenities. If it finds emulation, the *Gyroscope* may prove to be the protagonist of a most important movement in American literature. In the August issue of his publication Mr. Winters describes with admirable restraint the deplorable situation in which find themselves young American writers of promise and merit, whose creative work finds little or no acceptance. To be printed, they must become literary manifestants or hooligans, or they must write against their better judgment, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. To put the blame for this undesirable state of affairs on editors of magazines would be begging the question. A writer may deliver to an editor an excellent paper on a subject which may be entirely outside the orbit of the editor's interests; or he may send in a piece which may be interesting and suitable enough for publication as to the subject matter, but may not be considered written in a manner to satisfy sincere editorial judgment. In either case the chances for publication are very small or nil. At the risk of being taxed with naivety, it might be said that editors have some sort of a shadow of a right to the exercise of judgment; they have some sort of a right also to be masters in their own

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houses. From their decisions there lies no appeal to a superior tribunal, and reversals of editorial judgments are few and far between. Thus much creative work goes to waste; discouragement has its victims and the field is strewn with failures; failures not from incapacity alone but from lack of media in which writers as yet unestablished might obtain a hearing. Against this evil Mr. Yvor Winters offers a practical suggestion. He advances the argument, that if there were four or five or more series of such mimeographed magazines issued by different groups in different parts of the country, they would provide cheap means for communicated expression, were it only for the purpose of clarifying and ordering the intelligence of the contributors, to say nothing of the development of independent writing that would follow in natural course. Those whose work in these modest media would prove of value, would in good time achieve recognition in wider fields, the others would have had their try-out and been relieved of their creative urge in letters. Plays are tried out on small town audiences before they are taken to metropolitan centers. Why not literary efforts?

Mr. Winters' idea is an excellent one and if he knows of any worthy bona fide attempts in the direction which he has so unselfishly outlined, we give him *carte blanche* to commit us financially to two or three such experiments within the limits named by him. Perhaps others may follow our initiative. We repeat: Mr. Winters' idea is excellent!



THE HAIRY APE IN PARIS

We own a copy of Eugene O'Neill's *Thirst and Other One Act Plays* which bears on the fly leaf the book plate of The Everyman Theatre Library of London, and on the contents' leaf the following note: "Interesting but not up to his others. None suitable for Everyman." — We witnessed the other night the production of O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* in a French version in Paris. The play impressed us as unsuitable for production on the French stage. Mr. O'Neill now resides in France. We would much like to know whether he had been present at the rehearsals and at the performance of the play. We doubt it. As Pitoeff, the actor-manager, staged it

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at his Théâtre des Arts, the play was a burlesque. Mr. O'Neill has our fullest sympathy.

Pitoeff, himself, took the part of Robert Smith, "Yank", — and Pitoeff and "Yank" were miles apart. Pitoeff is small of stature and dapper. O'Neill makes him rant: "I'm de ting in gold dat makes it money! And I'm what makes iron into steel! Steel, that stands for de whole ting! And I'm steel — steel — steel!" Certainly, Napoleon was a small man who started "somp'n and de woild" moved. But when one remembers that amongst the stokers of his watch, who according to the original stage directions "should resemble those pictures in which the appearance of Neanderthal Man is guessed at" and that "Yank" is, in turn, described as a person who "seems broader, fiercer, more truculent, more powerful, more sure of himself than the rest", — Pitoeff as The Hairy Ape seemed pitifully pathetic and a brute in miniature only. There were at least two amongst his stoker companions who towered above him.

The stage directions have also in other instances been thrown to the winds, whether deliberately or under misconception or owing to the exigencies of cramped stage space, we cannot say. Scene V was particularly distorted. The speaking characters in the Fifth Avenue church parade were replaced by painted marionettes, mounted on cardboard or wood, which slid across the stage. It must be assumed that O'Neill wrote and intended to have staged a serious play, whatever opinion there may be held as to its significance as a contribution to the modern theatre. The impression carried away from the Pitoeff production was of a play beneath the level of a Punch and Judy show. The Hairy Ape harangued a procession of dumb cardboard caricatures.

Even if the production had been perfect in all particulars, we should still doubt the advisability of transplanting an American play of this type onto the French stage. "There exists" — writes Mr. Norman Douglas in his recently published book, *One Day*, — "in the language of Anglo-Saxons and of Teutons some elvish and industrious ferment which tends to produce... saccharine deposit; their habits of life must also be taken into account; the mischief has its roots in our Gothic distrust of clean thinking." The play was translated tolerably enough as translations go. But there is something in the French language itself, — in its

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logical, literal, clean-cut, metallic character, which makes the "Yank's" speeches and their egocentric subject matter sound cheap, tawdry and foolish: they did not "belong." This, at once so "hard-boiled" and wise, language made the "Yank's" invocation to the moon childish and amusing in its romanticism, — outgrown, oh, ever so long ago. It reminded us of an incident which occurred four or five years ago in New York City. We had visiting at our house a German physician. Walking up 57th Street with him past Carnegie Hall the visitor's attention had been attracted by a large poster on the wall of the building announcing the public debate between two clergymen of different denominations on the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. "Great God" — he exclaimed — "are you people still engaged in discussing this question?"

"Say" — one reads in the original text of the play — "youse up dere, Man in de Moon, youh look so wise, gimme de answer, huh? Slip me de inside dope, de information from de stable — where do I get off at, huh?" In English, it may be admitted, the "Yank's" speech which terminates with these words does not sound unimpressive and may conceivably be thought to carry some depth of meaning. In the French version it ended with the words: "Où faut-il que j'aille?", and it sounded for all the world like a tourist asking a policeman to be directed to the nearest post office. Not that the French language lacks in emotional sensibilities or the French are incapable of emotion, — to say this would be the height of absurdity, we have seen Frenchmen sob under great stress of emotion, but theatrical sob-stuff touches them not. Mr. O'Neill was ill-advised in permitting *The Hairy Ape* to be produced in Paris. Whether the infelicity of its presentation on the French stage is due to the inaptness of the French idiom for a play of such a dramatic experience as *The Hairy Ape* or whether it required the acid test of rendering into another language to arrive at a more than superficial opinion as to its craftsmanship, is a fine point on which we prefer not to be particular. But we have less hesitancy in concluding that to the "Yank's" question: "Where do I get off at?" "Where do I fit in?" a sincere answer would be: Certainly not in Paris!

ON WRITING AND WRITERS

by

Natalie Clifford Barney

(*Translation from the French of this chapter from
"Pensées d'une Amazone", by Ezra Pound*).

Novels are longer than life.

The first novel, Adam's, has been over-printed.

I never go to the end of an idea — it's too far.

...Curtailed sensibility of those who have to examine
in order to understand.

Her hate moves under her words like beetles under
a stone disturbed.

Every judgment is more or less bilious. There are
various sorts of justice. There can be no "last
judgment".

The person who speaks "against" has nothing to
say. Why destroy when one can surpass? One limits
oneself to what one attacks, and proves nothing there-
by save one's limitations.

Too many consequences for it to be of any
consequence.

One always looks a little like what one under-
stands.

Word to word, more intoxicating than flesh to
flesh.

Poets, secretaries of the unknown.

My lyricism : an exactitude.

To say what one has to say, always secretly to the
sheet of note paper, like the king's barber to the
reeds. Would the paper alone have ears?

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Regular verse, a game of patience.

Irregular verse, game of impatience.

Mallarmé's poems are easy to remember because each word is necessary and in its place : with an unexpected movement. Once the vibration is seized, the design perceived, it becomes unforgettable.

Our memory often fills a gap in other poets, fills it better than they have.

There are also talents in fermentation, not yet limited by expression.

Arts dyed with inexorable personality, arts where one does not see clear, on the instant. Imprecise thoughts giving atmosphere to the others.

He prepared an enormous vocabulary and waited his whole lifetime for an idea.

Not to go toward novels, nor let them approach us. More bad company for one's thoughts.

Aspiring toward a fineness which he touches only in his work he remains outside this, and hardly seems to know what it means.

A body too tall to be without broad shoulders, a head ill defended.

Vile little consecrated words, stuffed with un-sense. A thought falls like a ripe fruit from the tree of laziness.

His raucous voice seemed to stab the subtlety of thoughts in passage.

Not to fornicate with other minds, always fertile in bastards.

Work up the brute circumstance that life throws at us, and remake it in our own image.

Their creations aren't even recreations.

So many new images, bold, beautiful, striking, stimulating my imagination, that instead of writing to you I write to myself.

NATALIE CLIFFORD BARNEY

I re-read you, always for another first time.

One never exhausts a good book, and a good book never exhausts us.

A design forms itself in my mind, I feel it behind my eyes, by this image I form contact with the inside of myself... Hardly a résumé of thought remains of its chance-made trceries.

Loving only the nocturnal side of things, he limited himself to creating master-pieces of obscurity.

There are also intangible realities which float near us, formless and without words; realities which no one has thought out, and which are excluded for lack of interpreters.

There is however a faint difference between what is and what might be.

— Erasure of worse, or better ?

There is an Unknown behind certain writers whom they have not the eyes to know, these scribes attribute to themselves all that this invisible presence suggests to them, and wear the wreath in his place.

Words come to a poet as to a magnet, to a thinker as a sword.

One says : He pursues his idea — and it is perhaps his idea which follows him; would he be so docile as to follow an idea ? And in that case would it be his ?

It is time for dead languages to be quiet.

Comma, eyelash fallen between words, time to make a wish, to think of something else, and to go on.

He is writing a work "de longue haleine". What a pity authors aren't more often born breathless.

When I read A... I notice how much bad literature is like good; when I read Z... how much good literature is like bad.

Preoccupation with art destroys art.

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It is their good pages which make bad writers so annoying.

He has a sharp tooth, and an unsound one.

They are too anxious to get their tooth into it, to be able to criticize.

Too much snap to be criticism.

Flight, the last word of disgust, the only one which is not verbal.

They take a level for the summit.

He reproaches her for hair-splitting and never combs his own.

Suppressed writer, who has left so many women something to say.

Nothing is comparable to anything.

Reason — the sophist.

Not to feed on old bones that grave diggers throw us, but on life and its marrows.

MATTIE AND HER SWEETMAN

by

Claude McKay

In the neighborhood of One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street and Lenox Avenue a parlor social was taking place in the flat of a grass widow called Rosie.

Rosie had sent out invitations to a number of chambermaids, bellhops, waiters, longshoremen and railroadmen whom she knew personally. She asked them to bring their friends and to tell their friends to bring their friends.

The price of admission was twenty-five cents. Soda pop and hard drinks were sold at prices a little more than what was paid in the saloon. At ten o'clock Rosie's place began filling up with guests. It was the type of apartment known as a railroad flat. The guests put their wraps in Rosie's bedoom and danced in the dining room and parlor.

Rosie kept the soda pop and beer on the ice in the ice-box in the kitchen. Whisky, wine and gin she kept locked up in a cabinet, whose key was secured by a red ribbon suspended from her waist.

The parlor social was good company. There was a fascinating mélange of color: chocolate, cocoa, chestnut, ginger, yellow and cream. The people for whom these parlor maids and chambermaids worked would have gazed wonder-eyed at them now. Aprons and caps set aside, the maids were radiant in soft shimmering chiffon, crêpe de chine and satin stuff. How do they do it, those people would have commented, wearing the things they do on their wages?

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In that merry crowd was one strange person — a black woman in her fifties. She wore a white dress, long white gloves, black stockings and black shoes and a deep-fringed purple shawl. She was of average height and very thin. Her neck was extraordinary; it was such a long excessively skinny neck, a pathetic neck. Her face was much finer than her neck, thin also but marked by a quiet, dark determination.

She danced with a cod-fish complexioned strutter wearing a dress suit. He was tall with a trim ready-to-wear appearance and his hair was plastered down glistening with brilliantine. His mouth wore a perpetual sneer. The woman danced badly. Her partner was a good dancer and tried to make her look as awkward as he could. The music stopped and they found seats near the piano.

"What youse gwina drink, Jay?" she asked.

"Gin," he said casually.

"Rosie," the woman called. Rosie bustled over, a marvel of duck-chested amiability. Rosie's complexion was a flat café-au-lait, giving the impression of a bad mixture, coffee over-parched, or burnt, with skimmed milk, and the generous amount of powder she used did not make the effect any pleasanter.

"What you two a gwine to hev, Mattie?" She knew, of course, that Jay was Mattie's sweetman and Mattie did the paying.

"One gin and one beer," said Mattie.

"Gwine to treat the pianist to something?" Rosie knew how to tease her guests into making her parlor socials things worth giving.

"You throw me a good ball a whisky, sistah," said the pianist, a slight-built, sharp-featured black, whose eyes were intense, the whites appearing inflamed...

Hands waved at Rosie from a group seated at a

CLAUDE McKay

small table wedged against the mantelpiece and an impatient young man called:

"Seven whiskies, Rosie, and four bottles a ginger ale jest that cold as you c'n makem."

"Right away, right away, mah chilluns," Rosie started a quick-time duck step to the cabinet.

Two girls pushed their way through a jam of men blocking the way between the dining room and the parlor. The smaller was a satin-skinned chocolate; the other attractive in a red frock was cocoa. The cocoa girl saw Jay with Mattie and cried:

"Hello Jay, howse you?"

"Hello you, Marita," said Jay.

"Having a good time?"

"Kinder," he sneered.

Marita was the waitress at Aunt Hattie's pigs'-feet-and-chittlings joint. Jay went there to eat sometimes, Marita rather liked him, put more food than ordinary in his dish and chatted with him. She would have liked to keep company with Jay, but he made her realize that he had no desire to go with a girl in the regular way. He never felt that sort of feeling that would urge a fellow on to rent a room for two and live, a good elevator boy, in the Black Belt. For it was easier going with the Matties and grass widows of Harlem. Marita couldn't imagine herself down to the level of Jay's women. Not yet — when she was young and strong and pretty. But she rather admired his casual way of getting along and felt a romantic fascination for the sneer that mean living had marked him by.

The pianist turned his inflamed eyes to the ceiling and banged the piano, Jay left Mattie alone to jazz with Marita.

"What a scarey way she's dressed up," said Marita as they wiggled past Mattie.

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Jay grinned. Marita went liltily with his movement. He disliked toting a middle-aged black hen round the room. Not that he minded being Mattie's sweetman. He was very proud of his new job. For three months before he met her he had been dogged by hard luck. The bottom had been eaten out of his nigger-brown pants. A flashy silk shirt, the gift of his last lady, had given way around the neck and at the cuffs. For thirteen weeks it had not seen the washtub and when it did it went all to pieces. The toes of his ultra-pointed shoes were turned pathetically heavenward and the pavement had gnawed through his rubber heels down to the base of the leather.

Meeting Mattie at a parlor social in the Belt's Fifth Avenue had materially changed Jay's condition. He had been taken to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and fitted to a good pair of shoes. Mattie chose also a decent shirt for him, but it was not silk.

He hadn't achieved a new suit yet. The choice was between that and an overcoat. Mattie's resources could not cover both at once. One would have to wait until she could put by enough out of their daily living to get it. And so she decided that a heavy, warm overcoat was the more necessary, for it was mid-January and in his ruined summer suit Jay had been freezing along the streets of Harlem.

It was not quite a month since Mattie and Jay had come together and docile as she seemed, she was well-worn in experience and carried a smouldering fire in her ugly black body. Years ago she had had a baby for a white man in South Carolina. But she was not one of those black wenches who think themselves proud having a yellow pickaninny at any price. She got rid of the thing, strangling it at birth and quitting

CLAUDE McKAY

relatives and prayer meeting sisters, made her way up North.

Marita's girl pal discovered friends and went to drink with them. Marita followed and Jay danced after her and got in with the gang. They were making rapid time with Old Crow whisky. They sent Rosie over to the pianist with a double drink of whisky to spur him on.

"Play that theah 'Baby Blues' ", she said. "Them good spenders ovah theah done buys you this drink and ask foh it."

The pianist tossed off his whisky, turned his eyes to the ceiling and banged, "Baby blues, Baby blues."

Mattie stood up and went over to Jay. "Le's dance," she said. She loved dancing as a pastime, but it wasn't in her blood, and so she was a bad dancer.

"Not now," Jay said angrily. "Ahm chinning with the gang."

He was putting away a lot of the boys' good liquor and it was working on him in a bad way for Mattie. Disappointed she looked round for Rosie. Rosie was bustling about in the kitchen getting new glasses. Mattie gulped down two stiff drinks of gin and returned to her seat by the piano...

Baby Blues! Baby Blues!

"Le's do this heah sweet strut, gal," And before Jay Marita was on her feet and poised for movement. Her pal was jigging with one of the chocolate boys. The space was filled thick and warm with dancers just shuffling round and round. Hot cheeks, yellow, chestnut, chocolate, each perspiring against each.

"Is that theah thing you' lady now?" Marita asked.

"She aint as bad a ole mammy as she looks," said Jay. "She's good giving. Fixed *me* up allright."

"Did she buy you this heah dress suit? Youse the only one here all dressed up so swell."

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Jay grinned for the compliment.

"No, I hired this off a ole Greenbaum. The other was so bad. But she got me these heah shoes and a swell overcoat. And she's gwina get me a nifty suit."

"But youse kinder rough with her, though. You aint treating her right, is you?"

Young and pretty, Marita disapproved of Mattie, old and ugly, having Jay; but she also resented with feminine feeling Jay's nastiness to the older woman.

"I aint soft and sissified with no womens," said Jay. "Them's all cats, always mewing or clawing. The harder a man is with them the better."

"Think so?" Marita said. Her resentment rose to anger and she wanted to stop wriggling, but Jay's casual manner (which said: I don't care whether you dance or quit) held her tethered to him.

Mattie, sitting alone, had swallowed her sixth glass of gin. Rosie, feeling sympathetic, went and gossiped with her for awhile.

"Ain't dancing, honey?"

"No, but I guess I'll take next one."

"Don't you sit heah and get too lonely drinking all by you'self and that yaller strutter a yourn having such a wicked time."

"I don't mind him fooling with his own crowd when we goes to a pahty, causen Ise pass their age.

Finished "Baby Blues."

Jay went back to the waiters' table. One of his pool-room pals came in and joined the group, greeting Jay with enthusiasm and praising his rig-out.

In the pool-room where Jay loafed and played, he had become the hero of the place since his new affair. Colored boys who washed water-closets and cleaned spittoons for a living with no hope of ever doing better, envied the way Jay could always get on to some woman to do everything for him. They wished

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they had Jay's magic. Jay might have his bad days getting by sometimes, but his luck never deserted him. He toted a charm.

The pianist turned his face to the ceiling and began a plaintive "Blues." He cast down his eyes for a moment and said to Mattie: "Aint you gwina dance, sistah?"

Mattie essayed a smile: "Guess I will."

She crossed over to Jay and asked: "Wanta dance this with me?"

Jay glared at her, "Wha's scratching you? I don't wanta dance. Ahm having a good time heah."

The sneer deepened under the influence of the mixed drinks working on his temper. Mattie lingered near the table, but nobody asked her to sit down. Turning to go she said to Jake, hesitatingly: "Well — anytime you feels like dancing with me Ise ready."

"Oh foh Gawd's sake," he exclaimed, "gimme a chance! Shake a leg, black woman."

Everybody within hearing turned to look at Mattie, some with suppressed giggling, others with pity. Marita and her pal were ashamed and could not look at Mattie. For there is no greater insult among Aframericans than calling a black person black. That is never done. In Aframerican literature, perhaps, but never in social life. A black person may be called "nigger" as a joke in Aframerica, but never "black", which is considered a term of reproach in the mouths of colored people quite as contemptuous as "nigger" in the mouths of whites. And so Aframericans have invented pretty names such as low-brown, high-brown, seal-skin brown, chocolate and even prune as substitutes for black.

Oh, Blues, Blues, Brown-skin Blues: the piano wailed.

"That was a mean one," said Marita.

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"Oh, mean hell. I guess the ole mug likes when you handle her rough. Don't she, Jay?" said his pal.

"Aint nobody wanting their bad points thrown up to them as nasty as that," declared Marita.

Her pal agreed. The girls imagined themselves growing old some day and ridden by a special passion like Mattie.

And Mattie by the piano, thinking that everybody was laughing at her, called for another gin. She wanted not to care. She knew she did not belong to a fast parlor-social set, where everybody was young or acting young. Rosie with her hostess's tricks looked like a vampire beside her. But although Mattie was ugly and unadjustable, she loved amusement and was always ready to pay for it.

Mattie worked hard doing half-time and piece-work, washing and ironing and mending for white people. Her work was finely-done and her patrons recommended her to their friends. She earned twenty to thirty and forty dollars a week.

Living for Mattie was harder than working. Having an irresistible penchant for the yellow daddy-boys of the Black Belts, she had realized, when she was much younger, that because she was ugly she would have to pay for them.

She occupied a large rear room on the second floor of a private house, situated in the cheapest section of the Belt. The price was moderate and she was allowed the use of the kitchen and the spacious back yard for laundry work.

Mattie's coming-and-going quietly through the block was remarked by the good and churchy neighbors of the African Methodist, the Colored Methodist and the Abyssinian and Cyrenian churches. And they marvelled at her, a steady, reliable worker, refusing to be persuaded into membership in a church...

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Mattie brooded: Nevah befoh I been slapped like that by an insult so public. Slam in the face: Black woman! Black woman! Didn't I know I was that and ole and no beauty?

Oh mamma, sweet papa. Blues, Blues, seal-skin, brownskin Blues. The pianist was gone on a wailing Blues.

Mattie got up to go home. She looked round for Jay. He had hurt her, but her pride had fallen humbled and broken under desire. Jay was not in the room. Mattie found him in the kitchen with his pool-room pal and a boozy gang over a bottle of gin.

"I'm gwine along home, Jay," she said, "Youse coming?"

Jay was going drunk. "Why you nosing and smelling after a fellah like that foh?" he demanded.

"Don't get mad, Jay; I aint bothering you. If you wanta stay —"

"Oh beat it outa here, you no-count black bitch."

Mattie slunk off to Rosie's bedroom and put on her coat. She saw Jay's overcoat and felt it and after a slight hesitation slipped it on over hers. Outside it was snowing. She dove her hands into the deep pockets and said: "A man's clothes is that much more solid and protecting than a woman's is." She went home, southward, along Lenox Avenue.

The gang finished the gin. Jay suggested to the waiters they should all go and hunt up a speak-easy. Marita and her pal said they were going home.

"No, you come on along with us," said Jay.

"Not me. I gotta work tomorrow," said Marita.

"Me too. That don't make no difference," said the darkest waiter. The others joined him asking the two girls to change their minds; but the girls went home.

The fellows stood up arguing just what they

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should do next, when Rosie elbowed through them and waved a bottle of Gordon's Dry in their faces.

"Le's have another round," said the mulatto waiter.

"You'd bettah," said Rosie. "Wha's this heah talk about youall going when is jest the time to start in on some real fun."

The boys sat down again, each waiter paying a round of drinks. The waiters had been paying all along. Jay and his friend had not paid for anything. The darkest waiter was soft. He began sifting a pack of cards crying: "Coon-can! Coon-can! Le's play coon-can!"

"Ahm feeling high, ahm feeling cocky," said Jay.

The bottle of gin was finished and they were now ready to leave, but Jay could not find his overcoat.

"Aint nobody could take it cep'n the person that done buys it," Rosie grinned maliciously.

"Guess that ole mug jest did it to get me home early but I'll spite her yet," said Jay.

Outside the snow had turned to sleet and a high wind was driving through the shivering naked trees.

"It'll be some sweet skating on the sidewalk tomorrow," said one of the waiters.

"And bitter-cold too," said Jay. And the thought of his overcoat gave him a comfortable warm and luxurious feeling.

The boys had decided to visit a certain speak-easy. They walked along Fifth Avenue and Jay stopped before an apartment house.

"It's here, fellahs," he said.

"All right," said the chocolate boy, "le's go on in and look the fair browns ovah."

Jay, with his hands in his pockets and his dress suit slightly damp, gleaming in the far-flung flare of the arc-light, was the picture of perfect aplomb.

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"But, buddies, I aint got no money on me", he announced.

"And I aint got none neither," said Jay's pal.

The waiters exchanged eye-flecks with one another.

"Well," said the mulatto waiter, "after Rosie she done ate up so much I aint none so flush to treat anybody else again cep'n' mahself. What about you fellahs?"

His workmates took his cue and said they had just enough each for himself.

"Tell you what then, we'll call this show off until some other night," said the mulatto.

The waiters said good night to Jay and his pal. They were unanimous about not treating them in the speak-easy. If Jay hadn't any money to pay in the speak-easy, let him go home to Mattie. They had seen and felt so much as servitors, that they had not wasted any pity on Mattie. There were women whose special problems made them stand for that kind of hoggishness. But, neither had they any servile praise for Jay's attitude.

The waiters saw Jay and his pal out of sight, then entered the apartment house and rang the bell of the speak-easy. They worked. Creatures of service, waiters — that moment serving up a rarebit, this moment a cocktail, next a high-ball; bell-hops in livery with ridiculous buttons before and behind, leaping up like rabbits at the touch of a knob. And they were fool spenders, having that curious psychology of some servants who never feel life such good living as when they are making a big splurge in imitation of their employers...

"Come on, buddies," said the mulatto, "we may be suckers allright in Rosie's joint, but we won't be suckers in a cat dog bite mah laig hear the player piano crying fair chile baby oh boy house."

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Meanwhile Mattie had been thinking about her life.

"I don't know what love is but I do know what's a man!"

The cabaret song was singing in her head. She remembered when she first left Dixie and "went N'oth" to Philadelphia how she had liked a yellow man and he had laughed in her ugly face and called her "black giraffe." She had forgotten the incident, it was so long ago, but Jay made her remember it now. She had hated that man deeply and wanted to do him real hurt. And now she felt the same hatred for Jay.

She undressed and went to bed without sleeping, waiting for Jay. Dawn was creeping along the walls when the bell rang. Mattie raked up a window and craned out her giraffe neck. She had on a white night-cap and looked like a scarifying ghost.

"Who's it?"

"Its me — Jay."

"Wait a minute."

Mattie opened the closet where she kept her soiled linen and took out a little bandanna bundle that she had made of Jay's rags of a suit; his old greasy cap, his old shoes and the remains of his silk shirt.

"Theah's you' stuff. Take a walk."

The bundle fell against Jay nearly knocking him over. Mattie raked down the window. The sleet blew in Jay's face and the wind sang round his rump. He turned up his collar and walked shivering toward Lenox Avenue.

CARYATID

by

Leonie Adams

*Not at midnight, not at morning, O sweet city,
Shall we come in at your portal, but this girl, your
[servant,
Bearing on her head a broken stone,
In the body shaped to this, the throat and bosom
Poised no less for the burden though the temple is
[fallen,
Tells the white Athenian wonder overthrown.*

*There is no clasp which stays beauty forever.
Time has undone her, from porphyry, from bronze,
She is winged everyway and will not rest;
But the gesture of the lover shall remain long after,
Where lovely and imponderable there leans
A weight more grave than marble on the breast.*

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

by

André Maurois

When I visited Princeton University two years ago, the faculty were discussing a novel which had just been published by — Ernest Hemingway. I wanted to know what it was called. "*The Sun Also Rises*." — "Is it good?" — "It's very hard, cynical, and extraordinarily true to life. I don't know whether you would care for it." I bought it. It was very good indeed.

Not on account of the plot, which was practically non-existent. Lady Brett Ashley moves in a set of Montparnasse Americans, drinks, sleeps with men and is bored. She is engaged to a ruined Englishman and is loved by the American newspaper man who tells the story. She goes to San Sebastian with a Jewish boxer and leaves him for a young matador... But any plot will do when a novelist knows how to create live human beings and Hemingway's characters are alive. They do not talk about their souls, they do not unravel their feelings. No, they merely order drinks and dinners, swear, have a good time, and yet you know them as well as you do Odette Swann, or Charlus, or Legrandin. Cohn, the athletic Jew, glum, well meaning and clumsy, the others' reaction to Cohn's disposition, the Englishman's jealousy masked by a permanent drunk, were sketched with marvellously accurate touches, although the author did not once come forward nor did a single analytical sentence disturb the monotone of such conversations: "Did you sleep well, Bill?" — "I slept like a log," said Bill. — "Where were you?" — "In a café," said

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Bill... This young American's technique seemed both perfect and mysterious.

I read his two volumes of short stories next. *In Our Time* and *Men Without Women*. *In our Time* was oddly constructed. The briefest of italicized sketches, more like blunt, cruel epigrams, alternated with stories as long as tales by Maupassant. Unity is achieved by the sameness of the feeling which runs through these tableaux and which is that life is hard. Bulls' horns ripping men's skins. German soldiers fired at point-blank. Italians hung in an American prison. Greek ministers shot down in the mud. "Our time" is brutal. Beneath its frail crust of civilization flourish practices as violent as ever the Rome of Suetonius knew. Hemingway is not afraid of grim sights. He has a liking for boxers, for toreadors, for soldiers. *Men Without Women* contains *Fifty Grand*, a really fine story about a boxer, and *The Undefeated*, which describes with restrained, forcible pathos an aging matador's last fight.

His tone and his choice of subjects mirrored a definite image of the author — and an accurate one. Hemingway's life is the one surmised. He was born in Oak Park, Illinois. His father, a physician, was also born near there. His family has lived in America for two hundred years. He spent his childhood in upper Michigan, and later roamed the United States and Canada, plying various small trades. During the war he enlisted in the Italian army, was wounded, and spent nine months in a hospital. He is decorated with the *Medaglia d'argento al Valore Militare*. Since the war he has lived in Europe as foreign correspondent for American newspapers. He is an accomplished boxer. He skis in the winter and goes to Spain in the summer to see bull-fights. He is thirty-two years old.

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Where did he learn to write? What has he read? What does he admire? We do not know. If names were indispensable to give an idea of his style, I should mention Kipling and Mérimée, but the resemblances are slight and the dissimilarities profound. His impassible narration recalls Mérimée, but Mérimée was a man of the drawing-room and library. Even if he rather fancied the rougher aspects of life, he gazed at them from the outside and held aloof. His smugglers are artists and philosophers. Hemingway's jockeys and boxers are jockeys and boxers, as they should be. While he appreciates the poetic value of sports, they appeal to him above all scientifically. His vocabulary is always accurate, riveted and solid like a specialist's. He has Kipling's art of suggesting passions and feelings without calling them by name, with less moral grandeur perhaps than Kipling because until now the scope of his subject matter has been less ample, but in Hemingway's stories there is an almost physical strength that does not exist in Kipling's, and a still sheerer starkness. A story by Hemingway is stripped to the bone. The facts are nearly always intimated by means of dialogue, without any commentaries. His descriptions are condensed into the least possible volume. Whenever he can, Hemingway lets the mere name of a place suggest the setting... Boulevard Raspail... Hôtel Crillon... If this means that he is a realist, he is certainly very different from the 1880 school of French realists. His philosophy too is long a way from theirs. His picture of life is less pessimistic than theirs although just as somber. The "miseries" common to us all pervade his work, but he supplies that powerful antidote, humour. The final impression is one of vigour and courage.

Sherwood Anderson, his senior, says of him :

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"Mr. Hemingway's tales are full of the smells, the taste, the feel of life. He likes the sky, horses, running water, women, and men coming home from the hunt and I like his tales.

"That is something for me to say, for older writers do not much like to see such good young prosemen coming on in their own day."

Anderson, who is so familiar with the plains and forests of the Middle West, knows that Hemingway's plains and forests are real. We Frenchmen feel that his Paris is real. There is no faulty drawing to destroy the illusion. He writes of nothing that he does not know.

The virtue of his construction is its simplicity. His dialogue is remarkable, although in *The Sun Also Rises*, somewhat monotonous, unavoidably however, since the vocabulary of the characters is a meagre one. His style is made up of clean-cut, metallic elements. One is reminded of modern buildings — steel beams and cement. He achieves distinction through a horror of distinction. There are no Corinthian capitals nor processions of stereotyped naked women on Hemingway's façades. In one of his books, he defines a toreador's style thus: "Romero never made any contortions, always it was straight and pure and natural in line. The others twisted themselves like corkscrews, their elbows raised, and leaned against the flanks of the bull after his horns had passed, to give a faked look of danger... Romero's bull fighting gave real emotion, because he kept the absolute purity of line in his movements and always quietly and calmly let the horns pass him close each time." This passage defines Hemingway's own style. The closer he works to the horns, the purer and quieter it is.

(Translated by Florence Llona.)



Joseph Stella

Drawing, by Joseph Stella.

NELL

by

Janet Lewis

The road on which Cora was walking followed the river, running along on a high green bank. Below there was a sandy beach and a long stretch of shallow water reaching almost to the edge of the channel. The river had built a wide submerged sandbar, here where it turned. On each side of the road the grass was cropped close, fitting each rise and hollow of the ground as the skin of a peach the fruit. Here and there were clumps of blue iris mixed with buttercups. On the right the ground sloped gently up towards farms and woods.

The day was sunny, the water very blue. The balsams and cedars which crowded to the edge of the opposite shore stood tiny and clear. Small figures in blue or white were moving about on the narrow beaches and the docks. She caught a flash of light from the wet side of a boat.

The Jesuit church was ahead of her, behind the shadow of its trees. By the wooden gate in the cool shadow she paused. About her feet the earth was brown, littered with twigs and mast. In front of the church, in the yard, the weeds had grown very high. The long grass had drooped and fallen over the path like waves of soft hair. She wondered if the door was locked. Once or twice during the summer she had heard a bell sounding over the still water in the early morning, but service was conducted very seldom. She had never been inside the building.

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She hesitated, her hand on the gate, then lifted the rusty latch, and entered the yard. A few leaves lay on the church steps. The doors were painted brown, with panels of white, from which the paint was flaking lightly. She opened the door and stepped directly into the one room of the church.

It was white and silent. Long bars of sunlight fell through the three high windows, and were reflected gently from the walls. The floor was bare. At the far end was the altar table. Someone had brought fresh flowers and arranged them in vases of green and white pressed glass — daisies and sweet william, but mostly daisies.

The quiet of the room shut her away from the summer noises outside, the slight sound of water, the wind in the trees, the barking of the heavily furred collies at the farm gates. She sat down in one of the bare straight pews and folded her hands in her lap. She was a small woman. Her head was large, with a wide brow, her hair grey, and pinned in flat coils close to her head. At the back of her neck it was still brown, and the loose ends curled. She wore a man's grey sweater.

She began to think of an old woman with a white heavy face and coarse, unhealthy skin, a hard mouth with full sensuous lips, lips pale and wet, a face fretful and complaining, broken suddenly by bursts of rowdy humor. The old woman leaned over a banister, shouting to someone in the hall below. Her disordered white hair fell in locks about her face. She held a dirty silk kimono gathered about her great shaking body. It was Nell, her half-sister. The children had written, "We give Mother all the dope she wants now. It keeps her happy and eases the pain."

"I like it Cory," Nell had said once, her brown

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eyes bright with mockery. "It gives me a good time."

With the image of Nell the image of the house on Sheldon Avenue came into her mind.

It had not been uncomfortable, after all. It was larger than they had needed, but that had made it possible for Cora to ask her mother and Nell to come on from New York for a visit. She gave them the large downstairs sitting-room, making it into a bedroom. It had a good south light, and she put some ferns in the window to make it gay.

She remembered Nell standing before the walnut *étagère* with its little mirrors, knobs and gilded tassels. She was powdering her cheeks with pink, and when she had finished she rubbed a pink paste on her lips.

"I wish you wouldn't paint yourself," said Cora. "At your age it doesn't look right — makes you look bawdy."

"Ah bah bawdy," said Nell with good humor. "I don't care."

She put on her hat and knotted a scarf of pink chiffon about her throat.

"Where are you going?" said Cora.

"Anywhere. Must get out of here. The whole house smells of babies' didies and cabbage soup. And Mother sits by the window all day and hems dust cloths. My Gawd. I want to go and listen to the Elevated trains."

"You'd better go back to New York if you feel that way about it," said Cora, stiffly.

"Don't get huffy, honey," said Nell. "I like to be with you and Mother, and the children need a rest from me. I only get tired of all this suburban peace."

Their mother sat beside the ferns at the window, and rocked. A patch of sunlight moved up and down over her knee with regular motion. She offered nothing to the conversation. Nell collected her

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gloves and her coin purse, and kissed her mother. At the door she kissed Cora and patted her affectionately. Cora said without rancour, "Well, have a good time."

Nell had been the child of her mother's first marriage. She was much older than Cora, and her children were grown when Cora's family was just beginning. They were a helter-skelter lot. Their grandmother found them a little wearing. She liked better to be with Cora, and Cora's quiet little boy. She liked the new baby and the tranquil, busy monotony of the days. Cora set a place for Nell, but did not wait supper for her. She was used to her sister's casual attitude regarding the hours of meals. But as they sat about the table, eating, and talking a little, she grew more and more troubled by the suppressed anxiety in her mother's face.

The little boy went to bed. Cora's husband locked himself up with his books. The two women washed the dishes and wiped them. Cora saw her mother's mouth growing grim and tight.

"Don't worry, Mother," she said. "Nell's a grown woman. She can take care of herself."

"Maybe," her mother answered.

About nine o'clock she came to where Cora was sitting and said, "I'm going to bed. Don't wait up for her, Cory."

Cora followed her mother into her room, and sat on the edge of the bed, watching the old woman undress. The old body was like her own. She saw it as a young body, clouded with age. She saw, with every deliberate gesture, the intention to ignore anxiety emphasizing what it intended to hide. She tucked the covers about the shoulders of the grim little old woman, opened the windows and turned out the gas-jet.

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She had the house to herself then, but did not want to read or go to bed. At last she put on her hat and coat and went outdoors.

The night was warm for fall, and rather muggy. She walked north toward Lake Street, between the wide lawns and darkened houses. Elmtrees were planted in the parkway at regular distances, and their trunks cast oblique shadows on the sidewalk, pointing in the direction in which she was going. In the middle of the block a tree cast two shadows, dimly, pointing in opposite directions. Then the arclight at the next corner took up the work of vaguely illuming the grass, and the shadows fell across the side-walk toward her feet.

At the Elevated tracks she turned and walked along with them. The Elevated ran on the ground here, behind a long fence. The wheels spat and shrieked on the steel rails. She paused in front of a movie theatre. It was the end of a show and the audiences were changing. The lights were bright over the heads of the shifting, talking people, the little white booth where tickets were sold, the gaudy billboards. A popcorn man stood at the sidewalk's edge with his lighted wagon. She looked through the crowd for Nell, but did not see her.

At every druggist window she stopped and peered past the luminous red and blue or red and green tall bottles. She came to the corner where the street car tracks crossed those of the Elevated. There was a drugstore on one side of the street and a saloon on the other. On the far side of the Elevated tracks was the embankment for the Northwestern railroad. It was cut into by a square tunnel, dimly lighted, where the rattle of wagons and the noise of horses' hoofs were jumbled and re-echoed. It was a dreary corner, and yet there seemed to be a good deal of

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life. Four or five men, waiting for the street car, stood in a group at the edge of the sidewalk. A woman much younger than Nell brushed past her. She wore no hat, and her skirt dragged in the dirt. She was drunk, and when she tried to step down into the street, she stumbled. One of the men caught her hand and said, "Whoopsie daisy there, old girl." She tried to slap his face, but he ducked. She stood there with them, waiting for the car, and the man went on kidding her, spitting on the ground at her feet.

It was not much, but it made Cora feel sick, and she walked home through the slow drizzle that was just beginning. She went to bed, leaving the light burning, and tried to read. She fell asleep, but could not have slept for very long, for it was only eleven when she woke. It was raining hard, then. She went out on the porch for a last look around. Someone was sitting on the bottom step. There was enough light from the arc at the corner to tell that it was Nell.

They got her into bed and called the doctor. Nell, sitting up in bed, drinking hot water with peppermint in it, insisted that she hadn't had any dope.

"Just one glass of whiskey, Cory," she said.

She couldn't remember where she had been or what she had done after that one drink, but her face was sodden like the muddy shoes and wet coat that Cora took into the next room to dry.

That was so long ago.

It had all begun with an illness that had been very long and very painful — cancer. They had checked the advance of the disease for a time. Of late years it had come on again. The doctors had thought it necessary to give her morphine. When the pain began to lessen she found it hard to give up the drug. It worried her, and she tried to substitute whiskey.

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In the end she had succumbed to both, and the death of her husband had made things worse.

Sadness rose in the heart of the small woman in the grey sweater as the shadows were rising slowly among the straight pews and empty corners of the church. She continued to stare at the altar with its country flowers, seeing beyond them Nell as a young lady when she herself was a little girl. She, Cora, wore dresses of a blue wool stuff, with full skirts and rows of black velvet ribbon stitched on around the hem. Her hair was cropped close to her head. Nell liked to run her hand over the stubby thick curls, and called her sister "Pony."

Nell was slender in those days, with a warm, pale, dusky skin, and lips that glowed. She was very stylish, with a daring that made even the prim dresses of the period attractive and careless like herself. She was lavish with a perfume she had discovered, a musky, spicy odor that Cora loved. Their mother disapproved of it, but did not forbid it, and Cora was glad. She liked to finger the square glass bottles that Nell kept on her bureau. They lived in a square ebony box, four of them. The box was lined with a deep rose brocade.

Nell had many suitors. She received them in the stately formal parlor with its red furniture and heavy carvings in walnut, rosewood and mahogany. She let Cora hide in the corner behind the big sofa to listen to the conversation. She liked to lead the boys on until they said ridiculous romantic things, but there was almost no hugging or kissing. She was impatient of being touched. She said, "You know, Pony, I'm not much on this Nearer-my-God-to-Thee stuff."

Then one day she ran away to New York with a man from out of town. Her mother and step-father were very stern about it. Cora was afraid to ques-

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tion them, and for three or four weeks she never heard a word of Nell. Once Cora saw a strange, heavily-veiled woman standing in their hall, but she was sent upstairs before she heard her speak. As she turned, however, slowly at the landing, her hand on the smooth cold bannister, she caught a whiff of Nell's musky perfume, and when she reached her own room, hers and Nell's, she sat down on the floor, and twisted her fingers tightly in great unhappiness, wondering what her mother was saying to Nell in the big gloomy parlor.

Nell wanted to come home. She was tired of her adventure. Her mother said she might come if she would leave behind her everything, big or little, which that man had bought for her, or given to her. Nell objected. Her mother was firm, and Nell went back to New York. Long after, Cora tried to think just what it had cost her mother to watch Nell go down the flagged walk between the clipped rosebushes and not call.

Nell came home to stay after two more weeks. They were in the upstairs room together. Nell gave her a brooch, two golden leaves curved about a row of cherries. No, not cherries. The fine glitter of the gold spikes that held them, and the faceting, breaking them into petals of light, made them more like flowers.

"Don't show it to Mother," Nell said, "or I shall have to go away again. It's the only thing I kept. I had a good time, and I wanted to bring you a present. It's not very valuable — they're only garnets."

That same afternoon she said, "I never let him touch me, Pony. I couldn't stand him when he got too near me. But he was good-looking and he took me to the theatre, lots. I used to lock him out of my room and it made him cross." She laughed. "I don't

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know what Father and Mother believe, but it's true."

Pony was glad to have her home again. The next Sunday Nell walked down the aisle of the church on her step-father's arm, looking as lovely as ever. Pony walked behind them, holding her mother's hand. She thought they were all happy.

The shadows in the corners of the church were deep, like dust. The sunlight lay higher and richer in the air. The place was innocent and calm. Cora sighed and stirred on the hard bench. This long meditation was all she could do for Nell, dear Nell. She could not cry. She could not even be sorry. It was late. It was time to go home and cook supper for the children and tell Charlie that Nell was dead.

A MAN ON THE FERRY

by

Charles Recht

A man on the ferry

Watching that overhead is a light-obscured miscellany
[of stars,

That backwards, over the Jersey swamps, a moon
Looks sheepishly out of an ambush of swaddling
[vapors,

While the prow of the ferry begins its lunging
Toward Manhattan, splitting in effort the bastard
[waters
Of sullied mountain streams and jetsam-chucked
[brine.

A man on the ferry, heaving, faces frontward
Where on the Manhattan skyline, thousands pyra-
[mided

White-yellow windowpanes are toyingly pasted,
Because behind them an army of dullugly women
With dusters, and brushes, with brooms and with
[clouts

Upset and disturb billions of microbes, peaceful
[baccillae,

And invisible wafting, gamboling, micrococci.

What does a man on the ferry, waiting, expectant,
For thirty minutes, do with that brain,
Which passed on, out of the bush, and above
Hanging in treelimbs, in the recent aeons of
[centuries?

Comes across the foredeck a citified breeze, sea-
[scented, night-embroidered
Then a pair of searchlights cut compass diagonals

CHARLES RECHT

*Hailing the night-mail hopping in from Washington:
Light is a flower opening only in fieldbed of ether,
This ether, the playground of circular searchlight, is*
[giver of life

*Engendering growth of a molecule or a coccus,
Aswim within its colorless substance.*

*Yes, a coccus invisible, vaguely dimensional,
The billionth in the billions, fattens and prospers,
And then perchance, sometime, by radia pregnant, will*
[turn to prisma

Elusive, diaphanous, glow in a sunset from purple to
[orange,

*Magenta to vermillion, and when the flower of light
Folds up its blossoms, it will revert again invisible
Silently wafting down the empire of ether.*

What then is romance in places of buckwheat and
[syrup

Compared with ventures of a young, restless coccus?

The ferry is nosing some old decomposed lemons

And again a spray flies on the man's cheeks:

Comes now to his mind betwixt Jersey and Manhattan

Out of the darkness: Leo, the Isaurian

On a low bed of wool and of feather

Tosses the feverish patriarch basileus,

His white beard trembles on the indigo coverlet

And on the straw headrest the forehead is sweating

Immortal cocci hover about him

While Leo, the Isaurian shakes with the problem,

If images made with the hindpiece of a rabbit

Perform miracles, wink, smile and bleed.

Once, when Leo was lusty, he knew a hoyden,

A fullbreasted wench from crags of Armenia,

And had he not seen in a Byzantine chapel

Right by the Isthmus in a small pebbled seaport

Her image suspended above the rafters?

He'll have no whores hanging as Marys

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*As sainted martyrs within his churches —
Not he basileus, Leo the Isaurian.
What — with Italy full of popes' concubines
And over the border, like clouds of locusts
Cathay and India reeking with incense
He will have jackasses trampling on ikons
He'll burn pigments and exorcise brushes
And restore purity to altars of Theodora —
Then sighed basileus gulping down thousands
Unbaptized cocci and unchristened baccillae.
The man on the ferry facing Manhattan
Thought that the Greek Chrystos who was son of Jew*
[Mary

*Had defended the harlot out of pious memory,
As his sainted own mother had likely contracted
Without the office of the scribes of Augustus
Or the rabbi in talith — which made no difference
To the infidel molecules or dumb micrococci.
Just then the bulk of a water-smooth tugboat
Named: "Mary O'Connel" humped itself into the*
[path of the ferry.

*Yet, it meant end-all war to Leo the Isaurian
To keep freeloiving maidens from the gaze of the*
[public.

*Oh, go not to Hollywood, Leo the Isaurian,
Nor not to Broadway, nor the breath of these*
[lands,
For not even Euclid could find in virtue dimen-
[sions,

*Unlike the cocci it breeds not in ether,
Nor prism, nor radium makes it pregnant with*
[contagion,

You cannot prove it by metric or theorem.

No, Leo, the Isaurian, go not to Hollywood.

Three bells now resounded from the bridge of the
[ferry

CHARLES RECHT

*Tugboats were pushing a big craft down, sea-ward
The propellers idled breaking with different tempo
Darkgreen were the waters, spangled with light:
Darkgreen the waters about the statue of liberty —*
[dirt-green

*Green are the waters and the gardens of Valhalla,
There within the nooks of purified brooks,
The boys who passed with A mark in history
Lounge in nanking sweaterettes, testing brands of*
[cigarettes

*And with nonchalant grin, discuss women and gin
For those who murder and burn, and earn and learn
Get a block of marble or nude-girled urn
And the gardens of Valhalla are landscaped and*
[green...

*That ship was an old tub, bound for the Carribees
Named Esperanza headed for Christobal,
Overinsured, undermanned, plugged up and tinkered*
[with

*Rats in the hold, and a rat on the captains bridge,
Led down the narrows like a decrepit veteran,
Chartered by a Spaniard of the blood of the Aztecs,
Loaded with Fordcars, phonographs, cheesecloth,
Stockings, rouge, powder, wallpaper, bathtubs,
Which belched a grunt or two for the slowing down*
[ferry

The man on the ferry — thought on Duluth —
[Wisconsin
Then pulled out a paper and looked at the stock
[report:

*And then he wondered how the letter "i"
Sprung from the newsheet upon his retina
By changes chemical, or radial stimuli —
Or by some undescribed deep involved formulae?
And for that matter, thought — was it matter —
In incept intentional, in concept dimensional*

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*And in precept changeful when it grew emotional?
Or was there thought-current stored in the "i" letter?
Then from these absurdities
He leapt to profoundities
And thought how the modern would rewrite the*
[gospels:

*"In the beginning was the Electron
Aswim upon the depth of a darkness
And out of the bowels of the Infinite
A naked current swept the surface of the deep,
And Ether was born..."*

"And then Id had knowledge of Ether and saw it was
[good
And there came to pass the mating of the
[energies
*Which begot the Atom, which begot Molecule,
Which begot the Elements
And sinful were these in the beholding of the Id
And they were damned and imprisoned
And thus was Matter begat
And Id waxed wroth and out of the womb of*
[Matter
*Issued the Micrococci
And they were cursed and ill before the Id
And became eternal unto Infinity, Amen."*

*"Oh parent dear, lend your care-waxed ear,
I sing a toast convivial:
My grandma dead, and your granddad's*
[dad,
*Are only unlinearly lineal,
I raise my glasses to the ghost who passes
Who begot us and who will croak us
Who grows and struts, sir, in your nose and*
[guts, sir,
The Universal Micrococcus."

CHARLES RECHT

Just at this stanza, the ship Esperanza was 'most near
[the Battery

And the man on the ferry:

When spring came to Avalon it arrayed festively
Sundry and all — for spring was a messenger of death
And death must have beauty sometime, for sake of
[renewal,

For death is to spring what color is to song —

Thus juxtaposition of syllables makes a pattern
And the kaleidoscope of rhapsody is nevermore
[barren...

And the stake-boards of the ferry-slip receded, groan-
[ing

The landingchain clanked shrilly, the passengers came
[up shuffling,

And the man on the ferry dug down for a nickel
To pay for a ride on the Twenty-Third Street street-
[car...

THE HEIRLOOM

by

Sholom Ash

I do not know why old Chaya Leah and her ancient chest which I remember as through the vista of a childhood dream should trouble my mind now. Perhaps there is a seed of a story here; let the reader judge for himself. I am aware only that I must rid myself of this memory which comes to me like a living creature begging to be heard.

Old Chaya Leah was the mother of our neighbor, Chayemshe, the village leech, who was known about town by a name of a rather indecorous sound to modern ears. He was always spoken of as Chayemshe, the enema man. But in those good old days when people called a spade a spade, the epithet provoked no raillery; on the contrary, it was a kind of title and had the ring of our "doctor of medicine". When Chayemshe with the large syringe under his arm was seen in the street, the whole town knew that someone among the well-to-do gentry had overfed and, according to precepts of charity, ought to be visited.

Chayemshe, the village leech, something of an archaic creature himself, gave his practice of medicine an air of mystery. He treated all ailments with the old, sovereign remedy, the enema, and if it failed, he employed the radical cure, cupping, applied after a hot bath.

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But, whenever any illness reached this stage, the affair was considered grave. When Chayemshe with a sack of cupping glasses under his arm and a wax candle in hand was encountered in the street, little hope was held out for the patient, and relatives betook themselves hurriedly to the synagogue. Apart from these two well-tried remedies, Chayemshe possessed a whole array of medicine bottles. For each ailment he had a special potion: a cholera potion, an epilepsy potion, a Yom Kippur potion, all concocted after a formula known only to himself.

It was said that all these secret medicaments were passed on to him by his old mother who in former years had been a midwife and who assisted at the birth of many of the gentry who today were men of wealth, property owners, elders of the synagogue, and generally speaking, Jews of fine repute. The old woman herself had the honor to be the first person to spank the buttocks of all these excellent men. But this fact did not diminish Chayemshe's authority or weaken his professional standing; on the contrary, it added lustre to his reputation, and his authority was even more firmly established.

I do not recollect the days when Chaya Leah plied her trade; in my time she was already an aged woman who lay in bed the week around. Only on Saturdays and holidays her son dressed her in old-fashioned garments, a large cap for headgear, a shining kerchief over the forehead, and a breast-piece of green velvet shimmering with the glow of two spurious gems.

She was seated on the wooden door-step and all who passed greeted her respectfully and wished her a good sabbath, because she was not only the oldest woman in town but also the only midwife there, and everyone called her affectionately "grandmother." A small gold key sparkling in the sunlight was suspended

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from her neck by a chain, and passers by observing her whispered to one another.

— Look, Look — ...

— There's the gold key of the chest,

— Napoleon's gift. —

— The lucky devil, Chayemshe, what a fine piece of coin is coming his way. —

— I'd gladly exchange my house and my store for a share of the inheritance. —

— You simpleton, you, the man is expecting a gold mine; Napoleon's gift is no mere trifle.

Under the bedstead of Chaya Leah stood an old chest on four rollers. The key of the chest was kept close to her bosom and the old woman guarded it like the apple of her eye. Whenever anyone passed near, she would fumble for the key which she kept under the pillow at night. She was blind with age, and kept an old cane with a bone headpiece at her bedside with which she would tap the chest at anyone's approach. It is said that by the resonance she could tell whether it was still intact. No one knew its contents nor did she entrust the key to any of her children, but from time to time when someone showed her special kindness she would hint vaguely:

— I have provided for you all. I haven't forgotten anyone.

— Why does the chest have rollers, Grandma? — they would ask her.

— In the old days, we lived in fear of gentiles and always kept in store a chest on wheels. Into it we laid away our few, poor belongings, and if, may the Lord protect us, some mischief was expected, we hitched ourselves to the chest horse-fashion and fled; that, my dear, is the reason for the rollers. —

No one knows how the rumour spread about that the iron chest under the old woman's bedstead con-

tained riches. A man of about her own age was heard relating the story of a long-forgotten event. When Napoleon came to town, Chaya Leah was a young woman. She was asked to the Emperor's court; her ownership of the chest dates from the time of that visit. There were others too who maintained that the treasure was the gift of a wealthy, childless gentlewoman who lived in fear of being deserted by her husband. The story goes that Chaya Leah administered certain potions to the gentlewoman who was thereby cured of sterility, and as a token of gratitude presented her with a handsome gift. Other fantastic rumours went still further, and there were whisperings about a dark crime committed by the woman in her youth. She had made an exchange of children, it seems, while attending to her duties as midwife, and the depths of the treasure-chest contained some great secret.

Whatever may be said about this matter, no one ever doubted the existence of the treasure itself. And the aged woman not only refused to give the lie to these rumours, but with her ambiguous, cryptic remarks, further strengthened the general credence in the legend of the chest. She would often console her son when he complained that the marriage of his daughter was long overdue:

— My child, I have provided for everyone of my grandchildren. —

Chayemshe, henceforth, had no difficulty in marrying off his daughter, and the famous chest was included in the marriage contract.

— In one hundred and twenty years she will share in the inheritance, — he easily persuaded the father-in-law.

The chest was not only an aid in marrying off his three daughters, but also had its uses as security in

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times of need. The village leech had but to mention the word "chest" and magically the money-lenders' purse-strings unloosened for him even more readily than for those who had silver or gold objects to pawn.

The story of the chest spread everywhere and from far and near relatives flocked to the bedside of the old woman. Two daughters who were living in Russia (wives of Jewish soldiers who were once quartered in the town) came to ask her to live with them.

— Is she *your* mother only ? — Are *we* not her children, too ? — they wrangled with their brother.

— How can mother drag herself to far away countries at her great age ? —

— 'Tis true, my children, how can I wander about the world with the chest? But don't worry, I have provided for you all. —

The daughters settled in town to wait and see. Nearly every fortnight some new member of the family cropped up with a letter recommending him to the good graces of the grandmother. The chest became like some precious jewel which not only diffuses rays of light but also collects them. And thus, all and sundry gathered about the heirloom, and for all and sundry the old woman had a word of hope and encouragement.

— I have overlooked no one; I have provided for everybody. —

It will be easily seen that Chaya Leah's old age was well cared for and respected by her family, and more than one housewife wished equal good luck for herself. There was not a relative present who had not made some show of lavish affection and loyalty. Each one sought to gain favor in the sightless eyes of the old woman by flattery; and, finding her alone, was not loth to put in a bad word about the others.

SHOLOM ASH

— How I do love you, grandma dear! I pray day and night that you may outlive us all, and wish to God so-and-so felt the same way. —

Not only the children, but even strangers and townspeople remembered that she had been a midwife, and came in on Saturdays and holidays to pay their respects. Whenever a housewife prepared a savoury dish like chicken broth, a potful was always sent down to "grandma." Of every Saturday pudding and of every kind of tasty buttercake "grandma" was asked to partake, because everyone in town lived in anticipation of something. — One never knows what a woman of her kidney has in mind. —

When the hour of her death drew near, she called Chayemshe to her bedside and asked everyone else to quit the room. Remaining alone with her son, she handed him the key, exacting a promise under oath to execute honestly the provisions of the will which was deposited in the chest together with the treasure and to give every heir a just share. Chayemshe, with tears in his eyes, promised to carry out her instructions loyally.

As at the death of some saintly person, the numerous members of the family were gathered at her bedside; many respectable townspeople recited psalms, according to custom. She was compared with Shiprah and Puah, the Jewish midwives of Egyptian days, and the honor in which she was held during a long lifetime, they said, was her due for assisting to bring many children of Israel into the world.

The grandmother went off into everlasting sleep with a gentle smile on her lips, the native kindness which moulded every furrow of her face, fixed in her features forever.

Chayemshe, faithful to his oath, called together the entire family into an adjoining room and repeated his

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mother's words. Two prudent members of the family had removed the chest into this room where it was placed on a table. The shutters were closed to ward off intruders and although it was still daylight, a lamp was lighted; but the whole town got wind that the treasure chest was about to be opened and many people loitered in the vicinity, consumed with curiosity and making wild guesses as to its contents. With fast-beating heart and trembling hands the dutiful son inserted the gold key into the lock. It was an old-fashioned chest secured by iron clasps and bars, and when Chayemshe tried to turn the key in the lock it would not open. The assembled crowd was agitated and expectant. Two able-bodied men, the same members of the family who had brought in the chest earlier in the day, exerted all their strength, but the lock would not yield until it was heavily oiled. Then it emitted a squeaking sound; something burst inside, loosening a spring, and quite suddenly, one lock after another sprang open.

At the very top of the chest lay an old-fashioned piece of brocade. When Chayemshe laid his hand on this cover, several voices protested: — Don't touch it, don't touch it. — And fifteen heads eagerly bent over the open chest.

— Be careful, be careful, — some family member uttered a warning. Chayemshe lifted aside the silken piece of brocade and a stale, damp odour came forth from within.

Chayemshe was not long in discovering the will which lay close to the top. It was a long testament written in an unsteady feminine hand.

— Read, read! — everybody shouted. "To all my dear children and grandchildren who are now gathered at my bedside I address these words. I, the servant of the Lord, Chaya Leah Beth Yenta, with an upright prayer to the Creator of the Universe."

SHOLOM ASH

— Further, further, — impatient voices urged. Chayemshe skipped a few lines and began anew: “I pray to the Lord that he should instill into your hearts the spirit of peace that you may all live in harmony. As I have shown care for you all, so may the Lord care for you all.”

— Further, further, — the audience insisted.

Chayemshe again skipped some lines and continued: “I divide among you my poor belongings, everything I have inherited from my parents and also whatever else I have acquired honestly through my own toil; everyone’s share is herewith recorded...”

— Silence, silence! — voices called out. But at this point Chayemshe remained speechless, feeling a sudden weakness.

— Let’s have it, I’ll read it, — an elderly member of the family noted for his learning took charge of the will. Everyone’s heart fluttered with anxiety.

— The elephant’s tooth which is a sure remedy for teeth cutting I bequeath to my oldest granddaughter, Gita Yenta, that she may make good use of it for her dear little children, the Lord be praised. —

— Go on, go on, — voices called out impatiently.

— “The book of Azeal which is an aid to women in labor I bequeath to my daughter, Pearl, as a token of esteem...”

— Further, further! — everybody shouted...

The crowd, losing patience, rushed towards the chest, which was filled with charms, ribbons, medicines, water flasks, elephant teeth, old notes...

The family reassembled at the bedside of the deceased. An innocent, childlike smile graced the features of her withered countenance, but they no longer felt sure whether the dead woman was mocking them or whether like a helpless child she begged their forgiveness...

(Translated by M. S.)

JOYCE AFTER "ULYSSES"

by

Michael Stuart.

Commentators on "Work in Progress" have sometimes spoken as if the principal characteristic of the "polyhedron script" were philosophical or linguistic, tending, as systems of thought or classifications always do, to what is abstract and finite. A certain philosophy, something of the essence, the *quidditas*, of Vico, Bruno and Scholasticism is, indeed, an element in the latest creation of Joyce: — that the work shall lead from preoccupations of the moment to generalizations is important. That it shall delight and amuse us is of greater importance: and a broad, vigorous humour, touching the homely aspects of life it must be too — the laughter of a curiously familiar Dublin race inhabiting a dream-city of Dublin.

Something of a Shakesperian exuberance and intoxication with the rich, red wine of words revealing the dominant humorous tone of the work, "the pert and nimble spirit of mirth", which at times, indeed, shall reach the loftier heights of a world beyond human laughter or tears, is discovered, as elsewhere, in the Earwicker's (1) "file of abusive names he was called", when "ten o'connel", a Dublin dandy, in quest of more drink at Earwicker's closed pub, "opened the floodgates of his wrath" and held forth in unmistakably Irish accents "from eleven thirty to

(1) Chief protean protagonist of "Work in Progress".

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two in the afternoon": — "Firstnighter, Informer,... Funnyface,... Ireland's Eight's Wonderful Wonder,... Gouty Ghibelline,... Luck before Wedlock,... Cumberer of Lord's Holy Ground,... Armenian Atrocity,... A Disgrace to the Homely Protestant Religion,... Man Devoyd of the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature"... of which epithets he seems to possess so an inexhaustible an arsenal that no enemy with lesser blasting powers should venture to engage the Dubliner in a word-war. Nor can the more than Rabelaisian ribaldry suggested or expressed on nearly every page of the work with the pagan frankness of a soul that has rediscovered for itself the delights of "nature at her naturalest" do any other than sustain the general humorous effect of puns, spoonerisms, calembours, polyglotal word-compounds, and all the variety of verbal inventions calculated to evoke laughter.

For it is important to note that whereas Maistre François creates at will humorous effects by the method of exaggerating some human trait to the point of grotesqueness, by the contrast of situations, by playing with the droll and the serious as well as by a fresh coinage of words, and that Cervantes, too, striving for a similar end, relies upon the juxtaposition of the real and the ideal, Joyce, limited by the exigencies of the dream world where neither deliberate logic nor memory of the past dream-actions exists must have his recourse to the word, the multi-colored, age-wise, perennially youthful interpreter of the spirit, the strangest of creatures, the word, "as cunningly hidden in its maze of confused drapery as a fieldmouse in a nest of coloured ribbons."

And it is this mysterious property of the word to body itself forth at certain moments into a creature of almost sentient powers (as when in war-time the

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knowledge of the password may prove a matter of life or death, or the answer "I do" before the marriage altar may signify a lifetime of happiness or unhappiness or the plea before the bar of justice "guilty or not guilty" may mean imprisonment or freedom, and perhaps, more significant than any of these instances, the potency of the true word, text, or hymn to an intensely religious people like the Egyptians in their "Book of the Dead" so often referred to in "The Ondt and Gracehoper" upon which depended life everlasting or doom), — it is this power of the word to become for the mind of man a bridge, a mediator, divine reason, protector, or saviour which is the secret seed of this song of songs to the Logos, "Work in Progress".

The perspicacious reader has already discovered for himself the affinity between a book like the Egyptian, "Chapters of the Coming Forth by (or into) the Day" and the "story" of Amoury Treestam and Icy Siseule", not alone in the power of metamorphosis into creatures or things invested in the word, common to both works, but likewise in the similarity of the time-element — Night, the Dublin night of sleep and dreams, lasting from eight in the evening until four in the morning by the clock of the wakeful City, and uncounted ages of history by the invisible time-piece of the Dubliner's dream-universe and the everlasting timeless night in the Field of Grasshoppers of the religion of Osiris. "Thief us the night, steal we the air, shawl thiner liefest, mine!"

And it should be obvious now in what sense it is just to say that the "Anna Livia Plurabelle" Fragment is not a description of a river, but the River Liffey, palpitating with the "chittering waters", "liffeying waters", and the sense too in which "The Ondt And The Gracehoper" Fable is not a description of insects

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but an airy, buzzing, fluttering word-insect, "Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla".

We have already become familiar with the humorous tone and the verbal inspiration of the "story"; to discover further clues we note the kaleidoscopic change of scene, period and character, the animistic nature of things with a historical memory, the lack of continuity in action as in a dream, "Sleep, where in the waste is thy wisdom," the Freudian dream condensation, the bewildering variety of tongues, in other words, the "history" of human types and objects with a racial, historical rather than with an individual memory only, the "story" of the world and mankind... "'Tis as human a little story as paper could carry"... And if we remember that as in the case of the novel or any other work of fiction the problem of setting the limits of the "story" in time and space must face the author we shall soon realize that since there is no "beginning" nor "end" to universal history, the usual straight line construction of a novel like "Ulysses" is inadequate to the purpose. We may discover, indeed, that the "proteiform graph itself is a polyhedron of scripture" and not improbably, a geometrical representation of the ideas of Nicolaus of Cusa, who taught that "reason approximates ever more and more closely to the Divine Mind, as a polygon approaches more and more to the form of a circle when the number of its sides is increased; as it never becomes an actual circle, so the Divine reason may be known ever and more truly through human reason, but never quite truly". This approximative circle without a beginning or end which may be made infinitely small or infinitely great by lengthening or shortening its radius is the only geometrical figure suitable to the architectural conception of the work. "She could never

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have forefelt, as she yet will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold douche as him, the totterer, doubling, in nowtime, *O alors!*"

To fit this universal "history" with its *quasi* circular structure, "the lubricitous conjugation of the last with the first", suggesting the infinite into a finite frame, since humanity is of time and space and the "story" *must* have a beginning and an end the author shall set about to rummage among philosophical writers with their theories of history and discover in Vico's *Scienza Nuova* and in the dialogues of Bruno certain speculations on the origins of the world and human society which shall furnish him with the frame of the "finite story" in the four cardinal ideas of the Neapolitan, "the lightning look, the birding cry, awe from the grave, overflowing on the times" and in the ideas of Bruno approximating the doctrines of his teacher that the universe is infinite and everywhere the same; that its centre is everywhere, *ubique rotum*, and nowhere, and that it is all centre or all circumference...

The author's next problem must be the creation of a method of character construction to give the work the proposed universal nature. To what extent the idea of the symbolic meaning of letters and numbers haunted the minds of Medieval philosophers and poets like Dante influenced by certain cabbalists who regarded the series of numbers (Sephiroth) and the letters of the alphabet as the basis of the world-soul and of the whole creation as well as elements of the divine word inscribed on the air at the boundary of the intellectual and physical worlds is a matter of common knowledge. "The meant to be baffling chrismon trilithon sign. . called Hec which moved contrawatchwise represents his title in sigla as the smaller, called alp or delta... that absurdly bullsfooted hard a thing it is to mpe mporn a gentleman... those

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superciliouslooking Greek ees,... the geegees too,... those haughty pitched disdotted aiches,... those throne open doubleyous (of an early muddy terranean origin)"...

In the significance of numbers to the human mind the Dubliner finds a clue for the creation of a system of number-character-entities. History furnishes abundant material to crowd a great part of racial experiences even within the limited classification of the number entities selected by the author of "Tales Told of Shem and Shaun"... The number-character of Unity yields such significant ideas as the One God, the Universe, Monism, Adam, the Tribal Chief, the Patriarch, the Emperor, the Universal Church, H. C. E., Mother of Life, Anna Livia Plurabelle; the Duality which is Trinity character permits the author to create Shem and Shaun, sometimes presented as river-banks with the river, Liffey, between them, the Mookse and the Gripes, Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy, Conservatism and Progressivism, God and Satan, Heaven and Hell, Everyman and his Enemy, Abel and Cain always joined by a corresponding third character—Love, "a woman to all important", "duusk unto duusk"; the Entity of Four brings to mind among numerous associations familiar to everyone the four cardinal virtues, the Four Evangelists, the four principal cities of Ireland, Dublin, Belfast, Cork and Galway, the four provinces of Ireland, Munster, Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught, and always, of course, the Vico *motif* "by blind poring upon your many scalds and burns and blisters..., by the auspices of the raven cloud, your shade, and by the auguries of rooks in parlament, death with every disaster"; Six occurs a few times: — the Roman watches of the night, *vesper conticinum, concubium, intempesta nox, gallicinium, hora antelucana*; Seven occurs frequently

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—the seven deadly sins, the rainbow, the Pleiad H. C. E's attendant circumstances, clothes, liaisons of H. C. E., sacraments, trades, streets; the Entity of Twelve represents the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve months of the year, the Isolde create the last number entity of Twenty Eight twenty-eight daughters of February together with and One — the beginning again, the circle...

It should be noted perhaps, that the ideal reader for whom the author labors is not a unilingual, insular being, but rather that mythical creature who, tempted by a few lucid pages, may continue in the pursuit of unlocking the secret of this, linguistically, the most difficult work extant... "einst within a space" for "Once upon a time"; "uskybeaked" for "narrow-minded" (compounded from the Russian word "usky" meaning "narrow" and the English "beak"); "rascolly Gripes" suggesting the double idea of rascality and the Russian "raskol" meaning "schism"; "motylucky" alluding to "mighty lucky" and the Russian word "motyluck" meaning "butterfly"; "Gracehoper"; "paulpruy head"; "when all is zed and done"; "moanday, tearsday, wailsday," "manu-frauderers", "philantropicks", "kindlelight" are a few neologisms illustrating the Joycian method of word-building. Perhaps, too, the Dubliner writes his "history" not alone for the applause of his contemporaries, since according to the modern chronicler's theory, certain words, symbols, and poetic vagaries are like the flaming stars which are invisible to the eye, because their light has not yet reached the earth... "*Habes aures et num videbis?*"

ANY HUMAN TO ANOTHER

by

Countee Cullen

*The ills I sorrow at
Not me alone
Like an arrow
Pierce to the marrow,
Through the fat
And past the bone.*

*Your grief and mine
Must intertwine
Like sea and river,
Be fused and mingle,
Diverse yet single
Forever and forever.*

*Let no man be so proud
And confident,
To think he is allowed
A little tent
Pitched in a meadow
Of sun and shadow
All his little own.*

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*Joy may be shy, unique,
Friendly to a few;
Sorrow never scorned to speak
To any who
Were false or true.*

*Your every grief
Like a blade
Shining and unsheathed
Must strike me down.
Of bitter aloes wreathed,
My sorrow must be laid
On your head like a crown.*



Stella Steyn

Schoolroom in the West of Ireland, *by Stella Steyn.*

THE CRITICISM OF POETRY

by

Edward W. Titus

"I think if Walt Whitman were to ask me if I enjoyed poetry, I should answer him in his own words to the wounded soldier who asked him if he enjoyed religion: perhaps not, my dear, in the same way you mean, and yet, may be, it is the same thing."

(Matthew Arnold in a, probably unpublished, letter to the Rev. M. D. Conway.)

Criticism of poetry is a branch of enthusiasm or of quarrelsomeness or of the occupations, whereby to earn a livelihood. It should be a dead branch. Has not Coleridge somewhere quoted Herder's saying: "Ein Mensch, der nur liest um zu drucken, liestet wahrscheinlich übel?"

Prof. I. A. Richards, of Cambridge, opens the preface to his *Principles of Literary Criticism* with a remark which may have sprung from the desire to lay down an axiom or utter a bon mot: "A book is a machine to think with," he says serenely. A dangerous utterance, and full of pitfalls, if meant seriously. Does it not give out the germ of a suggestion that one should first write his book and think about it afterwards? May it not also help to account measurably for the incongruities, obscurities and bewildering notions which are to be found in Prof. Richards' later work, *Practical Criticism, a Study of Literary Judgment*?¹⁾ Even the title is misleading;

¹⁾ London — Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Ltd. 1929.

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more legitimately it should read *Impractical Criticism*. And the omnibus subtitle is ill-chosen. The book is not a general study of literary judgment, or a study of literary judgment generally; it is particularly and entirely devoted to the criticism of poetry.

Stated summarily, poetry, as we conceive it, by its nature, does not lend itself to criticism. Poetry may be sung, it may be read silently or aloud; poetry may be dreamed, it may be lived, laughed, loved or hated; it may be discussed, as one would a pleasant or unpleasant experience; it may be treated with indifference, liked, disliked or ignored, it may or may not be a stimulus, but one may as well bay at the moon as criticise it. How will one pass effectual judgment on a man's dream,²⁾ or his love or his antipathies? Poetry one would like to think, is in the nature of a lullaby, not necessarily to induce somnolence, but to ease the stress of reality, — an escalade to other worlds.

Prof. Garrad regards the poet as "the prophet of the world's final causes". Absolved from professorial authority, lo!, these twenty-odd years, one gathers courage to say that the meaning of that sonorous phrase escapes us. But whatever its import, where is that abstract yard-stick by which a prophet may be measured, or his prophecy? One may condemn a prophet, but no enlightened reason will judge him. Until the prophecy has been fulfilled or proven false, it would be grotesque to subject it to critical judgment. Poetry is a phenomenon apart. In the words of Paul Valéry: "*Dans le poète: L'oreille parle. La bouche écoute.*" In the poet, the ear speaks; the mouth listens. How will you criticize such a topsy-turvy

²⁾ "And, in fact, the idle hours of most lives are filled with reveries that are simply bad private poetry". In these words Prof. Richards, clairvoyantly, presumes to criticize even unexpressed poetry, p. 320.

being? You may go on amassing key-facts galore of theory or doctrine, but no pass-key will you fashion out of them to the gates of poetry. They will remain forever closed except to those to whom spontaneous responsiveness has been vouchsafed. "It is" — as Plotinus said of the principle that bestows beauty on material things — "something that is perceived at first glance; something which the soul names as from an ancient knowledge and, recognizing, welcomes it, enters into unison with it". If there is any cultural reason why any distinction should be made between good or bad poetry (Mr. Leo Stein, no mean lover of art, denies such necessity in application to the art of painting, p. 20, *A.B.C. of Aesthetics*), or between great poetry and poetry, (see Mr. Owen Barfield's stimulating essay on *Poetic Diction*), — a distinction borrowed doubtless from the Scotsman's proverbial opinion on whiskey —, the definition given by Plotinus seems to be flawless.

Objection may be made to our observations on the ground that they involve abrogation of the entire body of literary criticism. The answer to this is, first, that if criticism were eliminated from poetry, there would still be left to it a vast field of other activity for the exercise of its functions, such as fiction, the theatre, philosophy, psychology, politics, treatises of one sort or another, history, etc. Secondly, the abstention from criticism of poetry would not in the least affect the production of poetry, or its quality, which is always relative. At any rate, the poet makes a statement about something, not in order that the statement may be examined and reflected upon, but in order to evoke certain feelings, and when these are evoked the use of the statement is exhausted. It is idle and irrelevant to consider the statement any further.

There comes to mind Baudelaire's enlightened

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view: "The artist's first reproach against the critic is that he can teach nothing to the layman, who has no desire to paint or write poetry, — nor to art, since it is from its very loins that criticism had sprung. And yet it is to it alone that many contemporary artists owe their paltry reputations! It is herein perhaps that lies its greatest reproach. You have seen that Gavarni which is showing a painter leaning over his canvas; behind him, a gentleman, grave, dry, stiff, white-cravatted, — in his hand his latest critical article. — 'If art is noble, criticism is holy'. — 'Who said that?' — 'The critics!'... I believe sincerely that the best criticism is that which is amusing and poetical; not the frigid and algebraic, which under the pretext of explaining, has neither love nor hatred, and divests itself intentionally of every kind of temperament; but — a beautiful painting being nature contemplated by an artist — that criticism which shall be the contemplation of the painting by an intelligent and sensitive mind. Hence, the best criticism of a painting might be a sonnet or an elegy."

What did Prof. Richards seek to accomplish by his treatise?

He explains on p. 3: "I have set three aims before me in constructing this book. First, to introduce a new kind of documentation to those who are interested in the contemporary state of culture whether as critics, as philosophers, as teachers, as psychologists, or merely as curious persons. Secondly, to provide a new technique for those who wish to discover for themselves what they think and feel about poetry (and cognate matters), and why they should like or dislike it. Thirdly, to prepare the way for educational methods more efficient than those we use now in developing discrimination and the power to understand what we hear and read."

EDWARD W. TITUS

How did he set about to accomplish his object?

"Extremely good and extremely bad poems were put *unsigned* before a large and able audience, who were requested to comment freely in writing upon them. To secure complete liberty of comment, precautions were taken to preserve the anonymity of the commentators."

Prof. Richard complains on p. 317: "‘Making up our minds’ about a poem is the most delicate of all undertakings. We have to gather millions of fleeting semi-independent impulses into a momentary structure of fabulous complexity, whose core or germ only is given us in the words. What we ‘make up’, that momentary trembling order in our minds, is exposed to countless irrelevant influences." — And further along, having recited a litany of obstacles which, according to him, interfere with our reading of verse, he concludes: "Thus it is no matter for surprise if we find ourselves often unable to respond in any relevant and coherent fashion". Having thus prepared and warned the reader that he must, through much tribulation, enter, if enter he would, the realm of poetic communication, he suddenly throws a stream of cold water upon his head by declaring that "there is no such gulf between poetry and life as over-literary persons sometimes suppose. There is no gap between our everyday emotional life and the material of poetry".

The incongruity between those two statements is too patent, — the one pointing out the difficulties and "fabulous complexities" and countless irrelevancies, which like so many "jostling rocks" impede our responsiveness; the other insisting on the non-existence of any gulf or gap between poetry and life: — Life, to which we have only to yield ourselves wholly to be cradled effortless on its bosom. This is by no means

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the only instance in the book where a man of straw is set up in one breath to be knocked down in another. No, we need not make up our minds about a poem. The poem makes them up for us, if we are poetically-minded. And poetically-minded though we may be, we may yet be so with respect to one poem and not to another, and that not in virtue of the quality in one or the other poem, but by reason of its subject matter alone. One recalls in this connection the confession of no less a poet than Baudelaire who, asked for a contribution of a *Nature* poem, answered: "But you know that I can't entertain any emotion towards vegetation, and that my soul rebels against this singular new religion, which, it seems to me, must to the intellectual always have something indefinably shocking. I shall never believe that the souls of gods inhabit the plants, and even if they did inhabit them, I should be but middlingly concerned about it, and would consider my own of much higher value than the ones of the sanctified vegetables". From this we are justified in assuming that Baudelaire read nature poems with but little understanding, if he read them at all, willingly. It would have been less calamitous for his fame had he but availed himself of Prof. Richards' new technique, whereby he might have discovered for himself *why* he should have liked nature poems.

Lest the galimatias of Prof. Richards lead us too far afield at this moment, we forbear quoting from his book other utterances that aid as little the advancement of his thesis. We shall, instead, turn to the audiences the author of *Practical Criticism* enlisted to provide him with the commentaries or protocols, as he prefers to designate them, upon the series of poems he had submitted to them. Upon these protocols and his own commentary thereon, rests the structure of

his book; they constitute the body of his documentation, and, together with the poems analyzed, are to be found printed in the book. From these protocols also derives his great despair as to the future of poetry, or rather the reading of it; from them the inspiration to evolve "the new technique".

They were "able" audiences, we are told, composed of men and women of "advanced educational standing", — "serious and professed students of English" — "with few exceptions products of the most expensive education." Prof. Richards assures us, that "there is no reason whatever to suppose that a higher capacity for reading poetry will be manifested by any similar group anywhere in the world". The audiences may be presumed to have been actuated by a more than ordinarily keen interest in poetry. The authorship of the poems, as has been already mentioned, was not disclosed to them, thereby adding to the difficulties of his *Versuchs-Kanninchen*. They were thus denied the supporting advantages usually enjoyed by professional book reviewers. On all these points we have Prof. Richards' explicit assurance.

Frankly, the anonymity of the poets, which seems to be stressed, is of little importance, since no assurance is offered that the protocol-writers, "who had a more than ordinarily keen interest in poetry", had not, from much reading, been, in fact, aware of the authorship of all or the greater part of the poems in question. In one or more instances knowledge of authorship is expressly admitted. The majority of the persons questioned were undergraduates reading English with a view to an Honours Degree. We are, to our regret, left utterly in the dark to what extent the professor may have been subjected to habitual undergraduate leg-pulling. Not that we attach any special importance to these details. We only wish to

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suggest that the test conducted may not have been fool-proof. Even if the evidence were conclusive, we deny its usefulness. It strikes us that at best it was in the nature of a trap laid to discover inescapable differences and incompetence rather than agreement in opinion and expertness; confusion rather than clarity: An irrelevant performance altogether, — we mean the test, — not Prof. Richards' treatise. This latter is relevant, to the point, and illuminating as a demonstration of the manner in which academic time is being consumed. From this point of view,

"Non illud Pallas, non illud carpere Livor possit opus."

Educationally — one ventures to suggest merely as a matter of opinion — the test might not have been lacking in a certain degree of usefulness, if Prof. Richards had disclosed to his audiences the authorship of the poems, and had himself led the way over the thorny path, declared frankly his own judgment upon the verses, and asked for counter-opinions and discussion.

Ethically — and this also is merely expression of personal opinion — it might have been nicer not to have made known in the printed book the authorship of these same poems, which had been submitted previously, unrevealed as to authorship, to unrestrained criticism at the test. It might have been nicer as well had the author of the treatise observed in the body of the book the amenities towards the authors he so urbanely expressed in the preface. The mind lingers on the following sentence: "But in those instances in which I have not been able to form a high opinion of the poems I must ask for forgiveness of the authors....." This charming and disarming urbanity was unfortunately departed from in the text, — Prof. Richards writing later about one of the

poems : "The subject, in metre, in treatment, in diction, in every *isolatable* character, the poem almost pressingly invites condemnation on the score of gross sentimentality". Not so nice, this!

But we must again revert to the character or standing of the protocol-writers whose opinions constitute the *nervus rerum* of Prof. Richards' Practical Criticism, his documentations. He told us that his audiences were able, of advanced educational standing, etc., etc. But he bemoans the yield of these protocols. Their sum total, to him, spells failure in the reading and judgment of poetry. He sets himself to discover the reason of this deplorable state of affairs, and he finds it in a number of deficiencies in his amateur critics and in difficulties that beset one reader or another in the presence of a poem. One of the deficiencies is immaturity of the readers of the poems, and at this point patience is sorely tried. For some years — Prof. Richards writes in his Introductory — as a Lecturer at Cambridge and elsewhere, he had been collecting this material from audiences, with whom he had been in frequent contact. Was he so absorbed in his task that his observation powers were paralyzed? Should the immaturity of his auditors not have been obvious to him? With all his pedagogical experience how could it have escaped him? It did not, in point of fact, escape him. "I wish" — he writes, on p. 311, with a disarming unsophistication, — "very much that I could include as a frontispiece a good photograph of the protocol-writers." Why then expect maturity from the immature? And with sorrow, worthy of a Werther, he proceeds : "Yet it may be doubted whether any large proportion of those who showed themselves to be under age — not in intelligence alone but in emotional development also — are destined to become much more mature

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with the passage of time. In some respects the years will do their work, for good and ill, but in others there is little reason to expect any essential change. Much though there is to be said, on general anthropological grounds, in favour of a delayed maturity, an educational and social system which encourages a large proportion of its most endowed and favoured products to remain children *permanently* is exposing itself to danger."

This perfectly laudable preoccupation with the commonweal, have put Prof. Richards — the *prime* purpose of whose book is (p. 11), to discuss poetry and the way in which it may be approached, appreciated and judged — in the awkward position of finding himself constrained to deplore the conservation of a child-like intelligence and emotionalism in the approach to poetry, after he has, earlier in the book (pp. 224 and 226), underlined the aptitude, precisely in children, for the reading of poetry. Prof. Richards is hard to please. It is not just possible that children manifest that aptitude, because no technical cult of poetry, no analysis, no construing or criticism of poetry is inflicted upon them, and adults labour under deficiencies and difficulties in this regard for the very opposite reason?

The generality of the other difficulties mentioned by Prof. Richards, as obstructing the path to appreciation and reading of poetry, are in the main applicable equally to other branches of literature.

The trouble with Prof. Richards' thesis is that it refuses to recognize, that analysis, which is a function of reason, is properly applicable to all branches of literature save poetry. Blake's impatient outcry: "What has Reasoning to do with the Art of Painting" is equally apposite to the art of poetry. By no technique of criticism will you produce a feeling for

poetry where no determinate proclivity exists. As an aesthete may be prompted to greater admiration for one beautiful object than another, and see no beauty whatever in a third, so a poetically-minded person may feel one poem with greater intensity than another. The lesser feeling will not, however, demote the poem into the category of *bad* poetry. Gradation need not imply degradation. It may happen also that, what he is reading or listening to may not at all strike a chord of responsiveness within the breast of the poetically-minded person, in which case the communication is not poetry, to him.

The conclusion arrived at upon examination of Practical Criticism cannot perhaps be more cogently expressed than in Prof. Richards' own words, in the Appendix, p. 354.

"The poet makes a statement about something, not in order that the statement may be examined and reflected upon, but to evoke certain feelings, and when these are evoked the use of the statement is exhausted. It is idle and irrelevant to consider the statement further". Out of sheer impishness we have, earlier in this paper, made use of this quotation without affixing the customary inverted commas. One may well shoulder a trifling delinquency in an attempt to verify a shrewd suspicion that sometimes indeed a book may first be written and thought about afterwards.³⁾

³⁾ *The writer will resume the subject of the Criticism of Poetry in a subsequent issue of THIS QUARTER.*

HATIKVAH

By

Sisley Huddleston

We had discussed the problems raised by the massacre of Jews by Arabs in Palestine from every possible angle and Narkatine had remained silent. Some of us, Jews and Gentiles, were Assimilationists, arguing that real solutions are always dissolutions. Others of us, while favouring the principle of a National Home for the Jews, laid stress on the practical difficulties. Would the best of the Jews ever find their way to Palestine, or only the worst? Would not the rich Jews, and the intellectual Jews, always prefer the advantages of their chosen nationality — British, German, American, — and leave to the poor and the oppressed the ungrateful task of reconstructing a country in an unattractive region? An Englishman of the party was particularly emphatic; if money had to be spent and blood had to be spilt in the erection of a Jewish State, it should be Jewish money and blood, not British blood and money. Certainly England would help, but, despite the Balfour pledge, the whole burden should not be borne by Great Britain; and, in any case, it should be borne only for a limited time. Surely, he said, it was contrary to the idea of Zionism to depend helplessly on a protector. He had, he asserted, every sympathy with the Jews, but Palestine had belonged to the Arabs for more than a thousand years; and the Jewish immigrants, after saturation point has been reached, form only one-sixth of the population of Palestine. Why create an artificial minority to dominate the

natural majority ? Anyhow, if the Jews want Palestine, let them get it for themselves...

After this speech there was a long and somewhat painful pause. It was not easy to answer the Englishman on the purely political plane. At last, it was another Englishman who spoke, quietly and deliberately. It was true, he said, that the rich Jews and the intellectual Jews should take a more active interest in the establishment of a National Home; they should not be content with furnishing a little money, as they might furnish a little money for a Dogs' Home; or with writing little books, as they might write little books about the Laplanders. Either they should abandon their distinctive claim to race, or they should identify themselves with Palestine. This did not mean that they should uproot themselves, and replant themselves in Asia Minor ; but it did mean that their interests and their sentiments should be Palestinian. The British had made a promise which they must fulfill ; they had traditions of justice, of responsibility, of generosity, which they must uphold ; and they could not surrender a mandate which they had voluntarily accepted. He agreed, however, that, though obviously a dispersed people could not by its own exertions build a new Jerusalem, though obviously the pioneers must work in security under the flag of a Great Power, ultimately the Jewish community must be prepared to look after itself. The sooner that day came, the better it would be for the credit of Israel. In the meantime, the British would do their duty...

Narkatine had not yet spoken. Everybody knew his history. Everybody felt that he might say the word which would lift the discussion from the purely political plane on which it had moved to a higher human plane. Had he not witnessed the most ghastly

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pogroms in Ukraina? Had he not fled to Paris with the cries of massacres in his ears and bloody spectacles before his eyes? And had he not thrown himself, body and soul, into the Zionist movement, though he was not a Jew? His reticence on this occasion was disconcerting.

We had lingered, after dinner, in a gaily decorated Russian restaurant near the Bourse. The tragic face of Narkatine seemed an incongruity in this new and polished place. There was never, I thought, as I looked curiously at Narkatine, such a new and polished place. The freshness of the paintings was dazzling; the reflections of the mirrors were hallucinating. In the shining mirrors shone shining depths beyond shining depths, with an infinity of fresh paintings. Polished and new! The floor was polished and new. The ceiling was polished and new. The tables were multiplied in a polished perspective. The very waiters, shining and new, were repeated and repeated in the polished mirrors, so that, as they approached, it was a whole army that approached in single line, extending to the vanishing point... Here we were, talking glibly in this bright décor, modern as only a Paris restaurant can be modern, of one of the oldest problems of our old and weary world.

Narkatine was nervously making arabesques on the tablecloth. His eyes, always troubled and troubling, were cast down. I do not know who first turned to him; the movement was surely unanimous. We simultaneously felt that the conversation had been carried far enough in this unreal impersonal way. I do not know who invited Narkatine to speak; I think we all did. There was no sound for a full minute before he began. We waited...

"I will tell you", said Narkatine, "why I believe

SISLEY HUDDLESTON

in Palestine. The politics of it all do not interest me, though doubtless they are interesting. I have listened to everything you have said, but a personal experience has presented itself vividly. No, it was nothing that I saw in Ukraina. There I had witnessed revolting scenes — you cannot imagine the horror of them! — but they had scarcely moved me. In the heart of events it is astonishing how normal everything seems. One is keyed up to the surrounding excitement; one lives on that level... And when I got to Paris, the five frontiers in between were like blankets benumbing the brain. I could read of pogroms without emotion... It was something altogether different which made me what you doubtless call a Zionist monomaniac... It was in Warsaw. It was a train. It was a flag. It was a song..."

Somebody lit a cigarette, and at the sound of the match we glared angrily. The interruption was unseemly.

"I had been travelling", said Narkatine, "in Poland. We had crossed desolate fields; we had passed gaunt constructions above oil wells; we had seen the black brooding shafts of coal mines. Our train rattled over frail wooden bridges, leaving behind these mournful sentinels of industry. The towns were dismal as a mildewed drawing-room, whose gilt ornamentation has rotted, is dismal. The tumble-down villages, huddled and unhappy, produced a sensation of irremediable melancholy. There was something in the atmosphere. Or perhaps there was something in me. I was tired, hopeless, miserable, and my mood doubtless transformed the landscape. For one sees landscapes — does one not? — not as they are, but as they are imaged in the glass of the soul."

The arabesques on the tablecloth ceased. Nar-

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katine looked at us steadily. "I am making a long story of it", he said; "I am afraid I bore you. But the whole impression was produced by countless details—the miry roads, the fear on the faces of the peasants, the evidences of recent warfare... There was nothing so bad as I have seen in my own country; there was only rarely a charred house; but I suppose I had been part of the picture in my own country. Here I was a stranger, in an evil plain, under a leaden sky. It was raining, and there dripped from the low clouds a pervasive sense of intolerable wrong... You remember, Dean, your days in Warsaw. You found Warsaw a fine cheerful city. I have no doubt it is; but I was sick and I took no joy in it. It had for me an air of dejection. The golden dome of the cathedral appeared dingy, and the cupolas of the monasteries were gloomy. I saw only the decadence which spoke of historic griefs... Oh yes, it was my own fault that I felt this incurable despondency, this irretrievable infelicity. Whether I walked in the principal street, or over the jagged cobblestones of the crooked crippled alleys, I had no sense of the resurrection of Poland, but rather of its decay. I went into a little angular church with cheerless saints in niches, and the grey blank walls sweated wretchedness. I was overwrought. The nightmare of the harrassing years ran with me down a steep incline..."

A waiter, with his polished face over a polished shirtfront, approached us, carrying a polished tray; and the whole army of waiters in the polished mirrors marched as one man in single line.

"Then it was", continued Narkatine, "that through my inexplicable mortification shone a pinpoint of hope. I had wandered into the railway station. It was dimly lit. But the approaches were crowded. I could hardly discern the faces of the motley throngs.

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In the dim lights they were pallid. Here and there, there was visible a face uplifted in a kind of ecstasy. Blue-coated policemen with long swords scattered the crowd. 'What is it?' I asked, and a thin-faced woman answered: 'They are going to Palestine'. Then she added wistfully: "Only a few of them. My brother is going. We cannot all go. They prefer to take families who will settle down in the Land of Promise'... Yes, it was the Palestine train. The adieux were spoken; and then came the separations. Those who went were eager to go, but they were reluctant to leave their dear ones behind. Those who were left behind were grieved at the parting, but they smiled through their tears. Some day, maybe, they would meet again... It pained me, but it cheered me, to see, under the dim lights, the faces of men and women who were leaving the house of bondage for the land of their fathers; and to see the faces of the men and women who bade them farewell. Here were builders and carpenters, and men of many trades, with their womenfolk, on their way to the building of a new Jerusalem. It was not the Jewish race that interested me and that moved me; these men and women seemed to symbolise humanity, which may one day set out to build its new Jerusalem... Even the blue-coated policemen with the long swords were awed in the presence of something immeasurably pathetic, immeasurably grand... And as I looked upon the pale faces under the dim lights, I saw a white and blue flag waved, and I heard sung, by that motley multitude, the song of hope and aspiration..."

There was a solemn silence. Then somebody called in a loud voice for the bill; and as a waiter stepped forward, a whole army of polished waiters stepped softly in long line through an infinity of polished mirrors.

NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE

by

Morley Callaghan

As soon as they got the money they bought two large black hats and left America to live permanently in Paris. They were bored in their native city in the Middle West and convinced that the American continent had nothing to offer them. Charles Milford, who was four years older than Johnny Hill, had a large round head that ought to have belonged to a Presbyterian minister. Johnny had a rather chinless faun's head. When they walked down the street the heads together seemed more interesting. They came to Paris in the late Autumn.

They got on very quickly in Montparnasse. In the afternoons they wandered around the streets, looking in art gallery windows at the prints of the delicate clever unsubstantial line work of Foujita, and very seriously pressing his nose against the window Johnny said, "Quite a sound technique, don't you think, Charles?"

"Oh sound, quite sound."

They never went to the Louvre or the museum in the Luxembourg Gardens, thinking it would be in the fashion of tourists, when they intended really to settle in Paris. In the evenings they sat together at a table on the terrace of the café, and clients, noticing them, began thinking of them as "the two boys". One night Fanny Lee, a blonde, fat American girl who had been an entertainer at Zelli's until she lost her shape,

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

but not her hilarity, stepped over to the boys' table and yelled, "Oh gee, look what I've found". They were discovered. Fanny insisted on introducing them to everybody at the bar, liking them for their quiet, well-mannered behavior. They bowed together at the same angle, smiling so cheerfully, so obviously willing to be obliging, Fanny was anxious to have them follow her from one bar to another, hoping they would pay for her drinks.

They felt much better after the evening with Fanny. Johnny, the younger one, who had a small income of \$100 a month, was supporting Charles, who, he was sure, would one day become a famous writer. Johnny did not take his own talent very seriously; he had been writing his memoirs of their adventures since they were fifteen, after reading George Moore's "Confessions of A Young Man". George Moore's book had been mainly responsible for their visit to Paris. Johnny's memoirs, written in a snobbishly aristocratic manner, had been brought up to the present and now he was waiting for something to happen to them. They were much happier the day they got a cheaper room on Boulevard Arago near the tennis court.

They were happy at the cafés in the evenings but liked best being at home together in their own studio, five minutes away from the cafés. They lay awake in bed together a long time talking about everything that happened during the day, consoling each other by saying the weather would be finer later on and anyway they could always look forward to the Spring days next April. Fanny Lee who really liked them was extraordinarily friendly and only cost them nine or ten drinks an evening. They lay awake in bed talking about her, sometimes laughing so hard the bed springs squeaked. Charles, his large round head

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buried in the pillow, snickered gleefully listening to Johnny making fun of Fanny Lee.

Soon they knew everybody in the Quarter, though no one knew either of them very intimately. People sitting at the café in the evening when the lights were on, saw them crossing the road together under the street lamp, their bodies leaning forward at the same angle, and walking on tiptoes. No one knew where they were going. Really they weren't going anywhere in particular. They had been sitting at the café, nibbling pieces of sugar they had dipped in coffee till Johnny said, "We're being seen here too much, don't you think, Charles?" And Charles said, "I think we ought to be seen at all the bars. We ought to go more often to the new bar." So they had paid for their coffee and walked over to a sidestreet bar panelled in the old English style, with a good-natured English bartender, and sat together at a table listening to the careless talk of five customers at the bar, occasionally snickering out loud when a sentence overheard seemed incredibly funny. Stan Mason, an ingenuous heavy drinker, who had cultivated a very worldly feeling sitting at the same bars every night, explaining the depth of his sophistication to the same people, saw the boys holding their heads together and yelled, "What are you two little goats snickering at?" The boys stood up, bowing to him so politely and seriously he was ashamed of himself and asked them to have a drink with him. The rest of the evening they laughed so charmingly at his jokes he was fully convinced they were the brightest youngsters who had come to the Quarter in years. He asked the boys if they liked Paris, and smiling at each other and raising their glasses together they said that architecturally it was a great improvement over America. They had never been in New York or any other large American

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city but had no use for American buildings. There was no purpose in arguing directly with them. Charles would simply have raised his eyebrows and glanced slyly at Johnny, who would have snickered with his fingers over his mouth. Mason, who was irritated, and anxious to make an explanation began talking slowly about the early block-like houses of the Taos Indians and the geometrical block style of the New York skyscrapers. For ten minutes he talked steadily about the Indians and a development of the American spirit. The boys listened politely, never moving their heads at all. Watching them, while he talked, Mason began to feel uncomfortable. He began to feel that anything he had to say was utterly unimportant because the two boys were listening to him so politely. But he finished strongly and said, "What do you think?"

"Do you really believe all that's important?" Charles said.

"I don't know, maybe it's not."

"Well, as long as you don't think it important," Johnny said.

At home the boys sat on the edge of the bed, talking about Stan Mason and snickered so long they were up half the night.

They had their first minor disagreement in the Quarter one evening in November with Milton Simpson, a prosperous, bright and effeminate young American business-man who was living in Paris because he felt vaguely that the best approach to life was through all the arts together. He was secretly trying to write, paint and compose pieces for the piano. The boys were at a small bar with a floor for dancing and an America jazz artist at the piano, and Simpson and his wife came in. Passing, Simpson brushed against Charles, who, without any provocation

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at all, suddenly pushed him away. Simpson pushed too and they stood there pushing each other. Simpson began waving his arms in circles, and the man at the piano threw his arms around Charles, dragging him away. Neither one of them could have hurt each other seriously and everybody in the room was laughing at them. Finally Simpson sat down and Charles, standing alone began to tremble till he had to put his head down on the table and cry. His shoulders were moving jerkily. Then everybody in the room was sorry for Charles. Johnny, putting his arm around him, led him outside. Simpson, whose thin straight lips were moving nervously was so impressed by Charles's tears, he and his wife followed them outside and over to the corner café where they insisted on sitting down with them at one of the brown oblong tables inside. Simpson bought the boys a brandy and his wife, who was interested in the new psychology began to talk eagerly to Charles, expecting some kind of an emotional revelation. The boys finished their brandies and Simpson quickly ordered another for them. For an hour the boys drank brandies listening patiently and seriously to Simpson, who was talking ecstatically because he thought they were sensitive, sympathetic boys. They only smiled at him when he excitedly called them "sensitive organisms." Charles, listening wide-eyed, was nervously scratching his cheek with the nail of his right forefinger till the flesh was torn and raw.

Afterwards, undressing slowly at home, Johnny said, "Simpson is such a bore, don't you think so, Charles?"

"I know, but the brandies were very good." They never mentioned the fight at the bar.

"It was so funny when you looked at him with that

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blue-eyed Danish stare of yours," Johnny said, chuckling.

"People think I expect them to do tricks like little animals when I look at them like that," Charles explained.

Naked, they sat on the edge of the bed, laughing at Simpson's eagerness to buy them brandies, and they made so many witty sallies they tired themselves out and fell asleep.

For two weeks they weren't seen around the cafés. Charles was writing another book and Johnny was typing it for him. It was a literary two weeks for both of them. They talked about all the modern authors and Johnny suggested that not one of them since Henry James had half Charles's perception or subtle delicacy. Actually Charles did write creditably enough and everything he did had three or four good paragraphs in it. The winter was coming on and when this literary work was finished they wanted to go south.

No one ever knew how they got the money to go to the Riviera for the winter. No one knew how they were able to drink so much when they had only Johnny's hundred dollars a month. At Nice, where Stan Mason was living, they were very cheerful and Mason, admiring their optimism because he thought they had no money, let them have a room in his apartment. They lived with him till the evening he put his ear against the thin wall and heard them snickering, sitting on the edge of the bed. They were talking about him and having a good laugh. Stan Mason was hurt because he had thought them bright boys and really liked them. He merely suggested next morning that they would have to move since he needed the room.

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The boys were mainly happy in Nice because they were looking forward to returning to Paris in April. The leaves would be on all the trees and people would be sitting outside on the terraces at the cafés. Everybody they met in Nice told them how beautiful it was in Paris in the early spring, so they counted upon having the happiest time they had ever had together. When they did leave Nice they owed many thousand francs for an hotel bill, payment of which they had avoided by tossing their bags out the window at two o'clock in the morning. They even had a little extra money at the time, almost twenty dollars they had received from an elderly English gentleman, who had suggested, after talking to them all one morning, he would pay well to see the boys make a "tableau" for him. The old fellow was enthusiastic about the "tableau" and the boys had something to amuse them for almost two weeks.

They returned to Paris the first week in April. Now that April was here they had expected to have so much fun, but the weather was disagreeable and cold. This year the leaves were hardly on the trees and there was always rain in the dull skies. They assured each other that the dull days could not last because it was April and Paris was the loveliest city in the world in the early spring.

Johnny's father had been writing many irritable letters from England, where he was for a few months, and the boys decided it was an opportune time for Johnny to go and see him for a week. When he returned they would be together for the good days at the end of the month.

People were not very interested in Charles while Johnny was away. They liked him better when he was with Johnny. All week he walked around on tip-toe or sat alone at a corner table in the café. The

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two boys together seemed well mannered and bright, but Charles, alone, looked rather insignificant. Without thinking much about it he knew the feeling people had for him and avoided company, waiting impatiently for the days to pass, worrying about Johnny. He said to Stan Mason late one night, "I hope Johnny has enough sense not to pick up with a girl over in England."

"Why worry? Do it yourself now."

"Oh I do, too, only I don't take them as seriously as Johnny does. Not that I mind Johnny having a girl", he said, "only I don't want him to have a complicated affair with one."

The night Johnny returned to Paris they went around to all the bars and people, smiling, said "There go the two boys." They were happy, nervously happy, and Charles was scratching his cheek with his nail. Later on they wanted to be entirely alone and left the café district and the crowds to walk down the narrow side streets to the Seine while Johnny, chuckling, related the disagreeable circumstances of his visit to his father. His father had contended that he was a wastrel who ought to be earning his own living, and Johnny had jeeringly pointed out that the old man had inherited his money without having to work for it. They were angry with each other, and the father had slapped Johnny, who retaliated by poking him in the jaw. That was the most amusing part of the story the boys talked about, walking along the left bank of the Seine opposite the Louvre. Casually Johnny told about a few affairs he had had with cheap women in London, and Charles understood that these affairs had not touched him at all. It was a warm clear evening, the beginning of the real spring days in April and the boys were happy walking by the

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river in the moonlight, the polished water surface reflecting the red and white lights on the bridges.

Near the end of the month Constance Foy, whom the boys had known at Nice, came to Paris, and they asked her to live with them. She was a simple minded fat-faced girl with a boy's body and short hair dyed red, who had hardly a franc left and was eager to live with anybody who would keep her. For a week the three of them were happy in the big studio. The boys were proud of their girl and took her around to all the bars, buying drinks for her, actually managing to do it on the hundred dollars a month. In the night time they were impartial and fair about Constance, who appeared to have all her enthusiasm for the one, who at the moment, was making love to her. But she said to Stan Mason one evening, "I don't know whether or not I ought to be there messing up that relationship."

"Aren't the three of you having a good time."

"Good enough, but funny things are happening."

The boys were satisfied till Charles began to feel that Johnny was making love to Constance too seriously. It was disappointing, for he had never objected to having her in the studio, and now Johnny was so obvious in his appreciation of her. Charles, having this feeling, was now unable to touch her at all, and resented Johnny's unabated eagerness for her. It was all the same to Constance.

Before the end of the month the two boys were hardly speaking to each other, though always together at the cafés in the evening. It was too bad for the days were bright and clear, the best of the April weather, and Paris was gay and lively. The boys were sad and hurt and sorry but determined to be fair with each other. The evening they were at the English bar, sitting at one of the table beer barrels, Charles

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had a hard time preventing himself crying. He was very much in love with Johnny and felt him slipping away. Johnny, his fingers over his mouth, sometimes shook his head but didn't know what to say.

Finally they left the bar to walk home. They were going down the short, quiet street leading to the Boulevard.

"What are you going to do about Constance," Charles said.

"If it's all the same to you I'll have her to myself."

"But what are you going to do with her?"

"I don't know."

"You'd let a little tart like that smash things," Charles said, shaking his hand at Johnny.

"Don't you dare call her a tart."

"Please, Johnny, don't strike at me."

But Johnny who was nearly crying with rage swung his palm at Charles, hitting him across the face. Stan Mason had just turned the corner at the Boulevard, coming up to the bar to have a drink, and saw the two of them standing there.

"What's wrong?" he said.

"I begged him, I implored him not to hit me," Charles said.

"Oh, I hit him, I hit him, I hit him, what'll I do?" Johnny said, tears running down his cheeks.

They stood there crying and shaking their heads, but would not go home together. Finally Charles consented to go with Stan to his hotel and Johnny went home to Constance.

Charles stayed with Mason all week. He would not eat at all and didn't care what he was drinking. The night Mason told him Johnny was going back to America, taking Constance with him, he shook his head helplessly and said, "How could he hit me,

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how could he hit me, and he knew I loved him so much."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"How are you going to live?"

"I'll make enough to have a drink occasionally."

At the time, he was having a glass of Scotch, his arm trembling so weakly he could hardly lift the glass.

The day Johnny left Paris it rained and it was cold again, sitting at the café in the evening. There had been only one really good week in April. The boys always used to sit at the cafés without their hats on, their hair brushed nicely. This evening Charles had to go home and get his overcoat and the big black hat he had bought in America. Sitting alone at his table in the cool evening, his overcoat wrapped around him, and the black hat on, he did not look the same at all. It was the first time he had worn the hat in France.

SPIRIT

by

Marie de L. Welch.

*You are alone as the eagle is when clouds
muffle him and the cold mist take his wings
and the mountains are gone from him, — the high
[peaks
are less than the points of needles, and the lakes
smaller than polished buttons, — and the wind even
falls away and the air is thin for breathing
and the eagle is of the silence between earth and sun.*

*You are alone as the salmon is when salt
fails him and the sweet far waters draw him
to the source of rivers, to the snow; and cliffs
fall in the way of his leaping, and his blood dies
in the white torrents, in the windy waters;
and he is broken by impossible returning
and he is of the silence between rock and water.*

*You are alone as the seed is when the young rain
comes into the ground like a dream of light, and the
[ground
stirs, and the ground's darkness is uneasy;
when the whole seed is stretched, the root's trembling*

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*thrusts into strength, and growing begins dimly,
and the seed is of the silence between light and
[darkness.*

*These are alone as you are when you strain
away from the likeness of things, and you abandon
the great comradeship, the safe sleeping; and danger
moves in the depth of your blood, and you accept
desire, you split the shell of safety
and you are of the silence between ever and now.*

THE TEMPERANCE MAN

by

Edwin M. Lanham

Pierre Donnier's sardine boat swung into the entrance between the two stone quays and coasted down toward the fish house. His two sons had lowered the sails and were busy furling them neatly and making them fast. Pierre pushed the tiller hard a-starboard and the boat came close to the quay and brushed its side against the stone. A lounge above threw down a line and Pierre's eldest son, Roger, made the bow of the boat fast while Jacques, the younger son, lowered himself down to the floor of the hold and began to pile slender silver sardines, stiffening in death, into wicker baskets. He passed up the baskets as they were filled to Roger, who in turn gave them to Pierre, who had climbed to the quay.

A few townspeople had come to stand by the door of the fish house, for the rest of the fleet would be in soon and there would be fish to auction off. The sardines were packed in neat boxes in the fish house and shipped to Nantes and from there to the inland cities, but any fish other than sardines were auctioned. Pierre stood beside the master of the fish house, who was weighing his catch. Each basket, when weighed, was seized by a woman who carried it into the house and dumped its contents on the long, salt-covered tables. Hundreds of women sat along the tables with boxes of salt on their one side, and rectan-

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gular packing boxes on the other. Their deft fingers were swift as machinery as they sorted the fish into sizes and packed them between layers of salt in the boxes, head to tail and tail to head.

"I have a small shark in the boat," Pierre said to the fish master, "that I will auction."

The sardines had been weighed and checked, so Pierre called down to Jacques to pass up the shark, and the fish master announced to the assembled group of housewives that there was a fish to be auctioned. It was a small shark, not over two feet long. Its sleek, oily skin caught the afternoon sun and threw off bright colors, the blue of the sky that it had caught, the bright orange trousers that the men wore, and the pale blue nets that hung to dry from the mast of Pierre's boat. The shark was quickly auctioned; it sold for twenty francs to a fat little woman who kept a pension for tourists at the far end of the quay. Pierre cleaned it, working rapidly with a sharp, long-bladed knife. He found a fish in its belly and held it up for the crowd to see. It was a large fish, very stiff, and covered with a milky film. The shark had swallowed it whole and had already begun to digest it. When he had cleaned the shark he gave it to the woman and tossed the entrails in to the boat to use for bait in his nets. He told his sons to run the boat farther up the canal and make it fast for the night, then he started along the quay.

La Croisette was a small fishing town, built around the quay and the fish house, which were the centers of business.

The quay was a long quay, running from the peak of land that marked the southern side of the entrance to the Bay of Croisette down to the shoal water and flat beach a mile below that ran gradually off into the salt marshes. A square island stood directly off it,

one side parallel to it, and an adjoining side parallel to the fish house, which was built on a rectangular protuberance that thrust out from the line of the main quay.

In a canal that ran between the fish house and the island and then turned to run between the island and the main quay, the fishermen anchored their boats. The island was used for drying nets; a bridge crossed to it from the main quay.

Pierre walked slowly along the edge of the canal, watching his sons pole the boat along through the low water. It was half tide, and the water was so smooth that Pierre could see the bottom of the canal, strewn with cans and refuse. If he were mayor he'd have that canal cleaned up; he had told the townspeople that. Here and there a large jellyfish puffed its way along with rythmic contractions of its pulpy disc. Its tentacles streamed out behind like dead things.

Pierre drew a *paquet jaune* from the pocket of his orange trousers and chose a cigarette. He stopped to light the sulphur match in the wind, waiting until the sulphur burned away before holding the match to the tip of his cigarette. He had stopped directly opposite the Café des Marins, the most popular of the three cafés of the town. A number of fishermen were sitting on the terrace, and others he could see were playing cards inside. One or two of them called out to him, but he did not cross over. He rarely visited the cafés, except for an occasional *apéritif*. He never played cards, and had never been known to take more than one pernod. It had become almost a joke with the other fishermen, so that they called him the town temperance man and whenever he appeared in the café they would try to encourage him to have another drink. Sometimes he would take a glass of red wine extra, but not often. His two sons frequented

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the café, that was why Pierre did not wait for them then. He knew that they would go there directly they had finished cleaning the boat. It would be a merry night for them tonight, for tomorrow was election day, and there was to be a fête. They would elect a new mayor tomorrow, and Pierre was one of the candidates. His principal opponent was Jean Rénier, a sardine fisherman like himself, but a man who was on more affable terms with the people. He would not make so good a mayor as Pierre, Pierre was sure. He was not as neat and efficient as Pierre, and was entirely too gay. He was always in the Café des Marins when he was not out with the fleet, playing cards with the men there and drinking glass after glass of pernod. He always drank pernod, and boasted that he could drink more than any other man in town. Sometimes they would say jokingly among themselves that Jean even drank pernod with his meals, but they liked him for it.

The rest of the fleet was coming in. Jean Régnier's boat had just tied up by the fish house, and others were close behind. The orange sails bellied out as the boats dipped with the wind in rounding the point, and the boats nearer the fish house had already run up their thin, pale blue nets to dry. Their color against the orange sails pleased Pierre, so that he stood for several minutes to watch. He saw Jean Régnier pass up his fish to be weighed, then saw his stocky body roll away down the quay toward the café. When he was half way there he raised one hand and bellowed out a greeting, and the men on the terrace jumped up and came toward him. Pierre heard them crying, "*Mon vieux*," as they grasped his hand. The card players suspended their games long enough to call out to him, and the *patron* of the café wiped off the zinc top of the bar and set a clean

glass down. His other hand reached for the bottle of pernod. Pernod *père*, Jean drank, for he still believed that real absinthe was made and sold under that name, even now long after it had been prohibited in France. He despised Pernod *fils*.

"That's only an anise drink," he would say, "there's nothing of the real absinthe in that."

Jean went to the bar and the men crowded around him. The *patron* was busy filling glasses, a broad smile twisting the tips of his moustaches away from his cheeks.

Pierre grunted and walked on, shaking his head slowly. He would have no chance in the election against such popularity as that. It had always been that way, even when they were children, Jean had been more popular than he. He had always had a way of making people laugh, then laugh again, until it finally got so he never had to pay for his own drinks of an evening.

Pierre had reached his home now. It was a small white house that fronted directly on the quay, overlooking the smooth sweep of the bay. He removed his heavy wooden *sabots* before the door and stepped into the house in the felt slippers that were worn under the *sabots*. His wife was before the great stove in the kitchen, a thin, neat figure among the array of freshly scoured copper casseroles that hung from nails in the white plaster wall.

"Did you have a good catch today, Pierre?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes, I was in luck," he removed his wide Breton *béret* and sat down in a chair against the wall of the kitchen, "but then I always have the best catch in the fleet. It's because I do not fish with the fleet, but cast my nets at some distance away. Zut, they do not like that."

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"No," his wife glanced back at him with a slight frown, "no, they do not like that, Pierre. They think you should be more sociable."

"I am sociable," he knitted his brows in a puzzled manner, "but I have to make a living. I want to catch all the fish I can."

"I was talking with some of the women today," his wife said, trying to make her voice casual.

"Yes?"

"Yes. Madame Bernard said that she should like to see you elected mayor tomorrow, that all the women would, because you are a sane man and very sensible. But unfortunately," Madame Donnier sighed, "unfortunately the women have no vote. It is the men who elect, and as Madame Bernard said, Jean Régnier knows the men better than you."

"Yes, it is true. Jean is very much thought of," Pierre rose to his feet and went into the dining room where he sat in a chair by the closed window and stared dully at the picture of Mont Saint Michel painted on a piece of shell. The dining room walls were lined with similar shells, each with a tiny painting of some beauty spot of France.

He heard Roger and Jacques come in. He heard the rustle of their oilskins as they hung them on the hatrack in the hall, then they came in the dining room and took their places at the table. Madame Donnier began to bring the food in. As she served the thick fish soup from an enamel tureen, Roger cleared his throat and turned to his father.

"We were in the Café des Marins," he said.

"That's what I thought."

"Jean Régnier was there. He was at the comp-toir, drinking pernod."

"He laughed when we came in," Jacques said.

"Let me tell it," Roger frowned at his younger brother.

"All right. Tell it."

"Jean laughed when he saw us," Roger said, "and called out, 'there are the Donnier boys.' All the men looked at us and smiled."

"Is that any reason for you to make a speech, Monsieur Régnier?" I said, and his face became red."

"Yes," he said, 'I will make a speech. I will tell you something I know about your father. He does not cast his nets with us when the fleet goes out, but sails away by himself to catch fish. Why? Because he says there is more chance to catch fish where there are not so many nets. But that is not the reason. No, I know that that is not the reason. The reason is that Pierre Donnier, the unsociable fellow who will never take more than one pernod of an evening and sets himself up as a temperance man...'

"He does not set himself up as a temperance man," I said.

"Oh yes, he sets himself up as a temperance man. But that is not the question. The reason Pierre Donnier does not cast his nets with us is because he goes off alone each day and drinks himself into a stupor like a Spanish cow while his sons do the fishing!"

Pierre's face was white as chalk as he stared into his son's face.

"And then what happened?" he asked in a whisper.

"Then, father, I hit at him, but the *patron* and the other men who were there put Jacques and me through the door and told us to go away; so we went. We did not want to cause a disturbance."

"No," Pierre said slowly, "you were right."

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The boys did not look at him, but kept their eyes on their soup plates. Roger's hand was trembling, and Jacques began to eat soup noisily. Pierre sat silently, but Madame Donnier rose to her feet.

"The dirty thing!" she cried in a harsh voice, "but people will not believe him, Pierre. They know you better than that."

"It is not like Jean to do that," Pierre said slowly.

"It is like Jean to do anything," Madame Donnier said fiercely, "especially when he has been drinking."

Pierre stood up and frowned.

"I am tired," he said, "and I will eat nothing now. Leave some soup on the back of the stove for me, I am going to my room." He walked sadly across the room and turned at the door.

"The fleet will not fish tomorrow," he said, "but we will go out just the same. We will return in time for the fête."

He went out through the door leading to the kitchen and closed it gently behind him. The murmur of his wife's voice talking earnestly to his sons came to him through the closed door. For a moment he stood quietly, then he moved over to the kitchen table. There was a bottle on the table, a large fat bottle filled with a translucent yellow-green fluid. He took a clean glass from the rack on the wall and set it beside the bottle. His motions were almost mechanical, and his eyes were so still as to seem glazed over. His knees were weak and his stomach felt as if it had been turned inside out. Damn Jean Régnier, he thought, he could not run a campaign without bringing in personalities. His pink election bills had been set up beside Pierre's pale green ones all over the town. Pierre's had been an honest, practical statement of his aims, but Jean's had been venomous and personal.

"LIARS," they had said in large letters across the top, and beneath came a denunciation of Pierre Donnier on the grounds that he was secretly working for the communists. Pierre Donnier, the best Catholic and the most sedate man in town.

Slowly Pierre withdrew the cork from the fat bottle and poured the glass half full. The rest of the glass he filled with water from the tap. The liquid turned an opaque, milky green as the water poured in. It was pernod, Roger's pernod. Pierre raised the glass to his lips and drank half its contents before setting it again on the table. He needed the drink badly, for his hands were trembling. It was an outlet for the restrained emotions that seethed within him. He would like to go now to the *Café des Marins* and punch Jean's nose, but he knew he could not do that. There would be an unpleasant scene, and he knew he would come out of it badly. Jean had a quicker wit than he. He drank the rest of the pernod, and slowly replaced the cork in the bottle. A chair scraped in the next room and he knew his wife was coming out to get the meat that was stewing on the back of the stove. He did not want to face her now, he could not stand her sympathy. He turned toward the door that led into the hall, then on a sudden impulse tiptoed hastily back across the room and caught up the pernod bottle and the glass. He hurried into the hall with them under his arm, and went quietly upstairs to his room.

The Donnier boat rolled gently with the steady swell. The sails had been lowered so that the boat seemed strangely powerless and still in the isolation of the open sea. Pierre sat in the bow, his back against the bulwark, staring dismally toward the faint outline of the French coast in the distance. There was a bottle of red wine between his knees, and several

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empty bottles rolled irregularly back and forth in the nearby scupper. Pierre had removed his *béret*, and his greying hair was ruffled by the fresh breeze so that it stood up in sweat-soaked points. Roger and Jacques were squatted amidships. Roger was cooking a stew of chopped up sardines, potatoes and bread over a small oil stove.

"I can't think what's got into the old man," Roger said, looking back over his shoulder at his father, "but when he told us to stow aboard so much wine this morning. I was suspicious."

"He can put it away," Jacques said admiringly, "for a man that never drinks!" He laughed harshly.

Roger rose to his feet and frowned.

"It's not funny," he said tersely, "we'll have to miss the *fête*, because we can't take the old one back to town in his condition."

"No, we can't," Jacques shook his head back and forth gravely, "Not after what Jean Régnier said about him last night."

"We ought to vote, though," Roger said, "our votes might do some good."

"I have an idea," Jacques said, looking up brightly, "we can sail back to town and put father off in the small boat before we round the point. Then you and I can go to the *fête*."

"If we can persuade him to go in now," Roger glanced forward, "I'll try it."

He walked slowly to the bow and stood before his father.

"Our holds are full, father," he said, "there is room for no more fish."

"Good," Pierre said, "yes, that's fine, that."

"Should we turn back to port, father?"

Pierre glanced up at him and knitted his heavy brows thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said suddenly, "yes, we will do that. We have flags in the cabin, have we not, Roger?"

"Yes, Father, there are some flags."

"Well, you and Jacques bring them out and run streamers from the mast. We will go to the fête well decorated... Hurry now!"

Roger frowned in a puzzled way and shuffled his feet.

"But do we go to the fête, father?... Today is election day."

"Of course we go to the fête," Pierre's voice grew loud and he glared up at his son, "hurry now! Put the flags up and raise sail. It is noon now, the fête is already under way."

Roger returned amidships and went in the tiny cabin to get the flags from the locker. Jacques came and stood by the cabin hatch.

"He wants to go in to the fête," Roger explained tersely, "it does no good to argue."

Jacques shrugged. Perhaps we can still put him off in the small boat," he said, "if he drinks more wine."

Roger looked up quickly and nodded.

"Yes, take him another bottle, Jacques," he said.

After Jacques had carried another bottle of the thin red wine of the country forward and set it beside his father, the two boys began to put the boat in order. Jacques ran a line from the mast to the tip of the bowsprit. It was hung at regular intervals with small, gay pennants. They raised the sail and Roger took the tiller and turned the boat's nose toward the shadowy peak of land that marked the entrance to the Bay of Croisette.

When they reached the point it was two o'clock, and Pierre had finished two more bottles of wine, but he was still alert. He began to call out orders to

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Roger, although the boy knew the channel as well as he.

"Port a little, Roger," he bellowed, rising unsteadily to his feet and grasping a shroud for support, "port a little, there's an under water rock dead ahead, you know."

"Yes, father," Roger called, and smiled glumly at Jacques.

"We won't put *him* off in the small boat," Jacques said.

The boat rounded the breakwater and swept into the bay. The small island just off the quay was to their right and a few hundred yards ahead. People crawled about it like trained fleas, the blue jerseys and orange and red trousers of the men sharp stabs of color against the dark-clad, white-capped costumes of the women. Roger saw that booths had been set up in the center of the island, and the village band was playing on the square cement stretch nearby. The blare of the horns grew rapidly louder as the boat came down on the tide. Men turned to look as it went by, and someone shouted something but was too far away to make himself heard. Roger turned the boat sharp at the end of the island and entered the canal, while Jacques lowered the sail. When they scraped against the stone Pierre leaped from the bow and climbed to the quay. He caught the line which Roger threw him and made it fast, then started down the quay. Roger and Jacques, as they passed the fish up, saw him turn to the small foot bridge and cross to the island. He walked with a lurch, his arms held wide from his body.

Jean Régnier was the first to greet him.

"There's old Donnier," he cried, "have you cast your vote for yourself yet, Pierre?"

Pierre grinned foolishly.

"I voted for you, Jean," he said loudly, "then I threw my ballot in the sea as bait for the fishes. They love dead things."

People laughed, and someone slapped Pierre's back.

"Come and have a drink," he was shouting in Pierre's ear, and the crowd took up the cry.

"A drink for Pierre," they were saying. "*allons* Pierre, I'll pay you a glass."

Pierre was carried along in a pack of blue jerseys and orange trousers to the improvised bar that the *patron* of the Café des Marins had built under an awning.

"What will it be, Pierre?" Albert Chambet, the postmaster, asked.

"Red wine."

The *patron* quickly set out clean glasses and filled them to the brim, so that the red liquid slopped over on the rough pine boards of the bar. A woman was standing on the edge of the crowd, looking at Pierre in amazement. It was Madame Donnier.

"But you are drinking, Pierre," she cried.

"Yes, woman, you see I am drinking," Pierre said, looking toward her haughtily, "I do not drink often, because the wine of the country is too thin for my taste, but when I drink..."

"He drinks!" the postmaster finished for him, and grinned at Madame Donnier. "Leave him alone, Madame," he continued in a gentle tone, "today is fête day. Pierre will be mayor tomorrow."

"Yes," Pierre seized the bottle of red wine from the *patron's* hand and refilled his glass, "yes, Pierre will be mayor tomorrow." He raised his glass above his head and turned to the crowd. "To the health of Croisette when Pierre Donnier is mayor!" he cried.

The men guffawed and reached for their glasses.

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"Ah, old Donnier," they said, "he is in form today."

Madame Donnier went away toward the end of the island. She walked blindly, for her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Pierre, Pierre," she was saying over and over, "can it be true what Jean Régnier said?"

She felt a hand on her arm and turned to look into the sympathetic eyes of Madame Bernard.

"Don't cry," Madame Bernard said, "that's nothing, that." She put an arm behind Madame Donnier's back and gently patted her shoulders.

"Oh! but it is," Madame Donnier protested tearfully, "it's very important... Today is election day, and after seeing Pierre like that they'll never vote for him. Why, they'll even believe what Jean said last night... that he drinks all the time on the boat."

"Oh, no! No one will believe that!" Madame Bernard's voice was indignant, "why, anyone can see from the way Pierre acts that he's not used to drinking. He felt so badly about what Jean Régnier said that he took too much, that's all."

They sat on the bottom of an overturned skiff that lay near the edge of the quay and looked back toward the gay crowd. Roger and Jacques had come up now, and were standing with the crowd gathered about their father. Roger looked very glum, but Jacques was trying to hide a delighted smile. The band began to play again, and the people moved away to clear dancing space on the cement.

"Let's dance," Pierre threw the glass he held in his hand to the ground and glanced about him roguishly. Perspiration ran down from beneath his *béret* and trickled across his squinted eyes. The foolish smile that distorted his unshaven face did not dislodge a cigarette stub that, soaked with saliva until the paper

had become a dark brown from the wet tobacco, stuck to his upper lip.

"Who'll dance with me?" he bellowed, looking about him. His eyes lit. "I'll dance with you, Jean Régnier."

The men laughed and pushed Jean toward Pierre.

"Go on, Jean," they cried, "dance with Pierre."

"No!" Jean shook himself fiercely free of the arms that pushed him on, "no! I won't dance with that old sot!" He strode away toward the bar.

"Oh, Jean," the postmaster said reproachfully, "today is fête day." He looked at Pierre and laughed. "I'll dance with you, Pierre."

"Good Albert," Pierre said as the men applauded, "let's go."

They put their arms clumsily about each other and stepped upon the cement. Albert was almost as drunk as Pierre. His red face was twisted into little smile wrinkles so that his merry eyes almost disappeared in his fat cheeks, and his round head was held high back on his thick neck. Their dancing followed no known rules, but was improvised on the spot by the two performers. When their creative motions carried them in different directions, their arms about each other's waists pulled them roughly together again. Albert was dancing sedately with his head back so that he could not see his feet over his bulging stomach, but Pierre was more active. His head was bent over so that he could watch his varnished sabots flash in the sun, and he kicked his legs vigorously about from the knee. Every now and then they would circle, Albert pivoting slowly, and Pierre whirling rapidly about him. His *béret* fell off after a time, and his gray hair came down in his eyes, then one sabot came off and shot into the crowd. Pierre guffawed, and on the next step kicked the other one after it. It described

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a neat arc above the heads of the crowd and landed in the dust near Régnier, who was standing at the bar drinking Muscadet from Nantes. He kicked it viciously toward the canal.

Other couples, young men and women, had attempted to dance, but it was impossible to avoid the flying bodies of the two old men, so they retired reluctantly to the side lines. Some of them danced in the deep grass behind the crowd. When the music stopped Pierre cheered madly and released his grip on Albert to applaud. He staggered back, with his knees struggling to straighten under his limp weight, then the heel of his felt slipper caught in a net that had been spread to dry, and he went over backwards in the grass, laughing uproariously. Several men offered to help him to his feet, but he waved their hands away. He lay on his back in the grass staring up at the dazzling sky. He was still laughing, but at the same time was conscious of a sharp pain in his forehead, a dry, hot ache. He lay there until the music began to play again, when Albert came toward him and prodded his ribs with the pointed toe of his sabot. Pierre struggled to his feet and they danced again.

Roger stepped before him as he came upon the cement.

"Most everyone's gone to vote, father," he said, "you and Monsieur Chambet had better go too."

"No," Pierre said emphatically, "my vote is not necessary. Let's dance, Albert."

Roger moved away and Jacques joined him. They crossed the foot bridge from the island and turned to the left on the main quay. About a hundred yards down the street they went through a small cluster of men and entered the school house to cast their votes. After they had voted they joined the crowd in the *Café des Marins* next door to listen to the gossip.

Pierre and Albert had danced steadily on, strengthening themselves between dances by trips to the bar. Now, as the sun began to fade away behind the town and the evening mist brought out the smells of dank grass and stale fish, the band stopped playing and began to put away their instruments. Albert glanced unsteadily about him and saw that almost all the people had left the island. A waiter from the *Café des Marins* was knocking down the improvised bar and rolling up the awning.

"Fête's over," Albert announced solemnly, and offered his arm to Pierre, "let's go, Pierre."

Arm in arm they staggered to the bridge and made their way slowly across it. On the quay they paused.

"To the *Café des Marins*?" Albert asked.

"No," Pierre straightened himself and frowned painfully so that his mouth fell open, "no, I'm going home."

He stood clear of Albert's arm and turned away, walking slowly the hundred feet to his small white house. He lurched against the door, and fell into the hall, then climbed the flight of stairs, swaying heavily against the stocky banisters. He turned into his own room, and with one last effort threw himself toward the bed and fell upon it. His *béret* slipped to the floor and one felt slipper came loose and clung to his toes, but Pierre was not aware of it. He had sunk into a deep slumber as soon as his head sank into the bolster.

Pierre did not look up at his wife as he came into the kitchen next morning. His hair was still wet from the thorough douching he had given his head under the pump in the yard, and he had not yet changed his clothes. He sat down in a chair by the kitchen table, and did not look at her even when she set a cup of black coffee before him, although he

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murmured, "*merci*," shyly. His head ached horribly, his stomach and throat were raw from the wine, and his joints were sore, but the discomfort was negligible in comparison to the sense of shame he felt. He knew that he had made a fool of himself the day before, he would be a laughing stock in La Croisette from now on, he was sure.

"Pierre," his wife spoke, and he started guiltily.

"Yes."

"Do you feel better," her voice was kindly.

"Yes," he sighed, "but my head is very bad." He paused and glanced at her timidly.

"Did I make a great fool of myself yesterday?" he asked, looking into his coffee cup.

"Yes, you were a great fool."

Pierre was silent, and drank the coffee noisily. It was hot and scorched his tongue, which was thick and swollen, but it soothed his dry throat. All the water he had drunk that morning had not quenched his thirst.

"Where are the boys?" he asked.

"They have gone to the school to see how the election came out."

Pierre grunted and grimaced sourly. He had hardly dared think of the election that morning.

"They will be back soon," Madame Donnier added.

"That's good, but we will not take the boat out today."

"No. They didn't think you would," Madame Donnier's tone was terse.

She moved over to the stove and neither of them spoke again until the outer door opened noisily.

"There are the boys," Madame Donnier said.

The kitchen door burst open and Roger came in. His hat was off and his face was red from running.

EDWIN M. LANHAM

"Father!" he cried excitedly, gasping for breath, "father, you have been elected mayor."

"By a big majority," Jacques cried as he came through the door.

Pierre stood up and rubbed his wrist across his numb forehead.

MR. BABBIT EXPLAINS

by

William Van Wyck

*Yep, I am George F. Babbitt, I'm the guy
That Sinclair Lewis put into his book.
I didn't know he'd use me for a type,
But it's been good for business, and the map
Now features Zenith as a first class burg.
Yep, it's been good for Zenith. What's your name?
Oh, Scott. I know a Scott in Zenith who
Is popular as hell, a first class bird.
What do I think of Paris and the Dome?
I tell you that the Dome is all the bunk.
It's talkee-talkee, yip-yip, yap-yap-yap.
These youngsters all sprout whiskers and spout words.
I've never heard so many words go wrong
In all my life. The air is thick with them.
Just names, and bunco-art, and other things
Best not to mention. Were these kids back home,
And pulled that stuff in Zenith, they'd soon find
A handy rail, and feathers by the ton,
And tar enough to pave all Montparnasse.
And what they say about America,
Just makes me sick clear through. Remittance men.
They booze, and talk, and bum, and talk some more,
And sneer and laugh at the United States.
Where would they be without their monthly checks?
Back in the old home town, and working hard
For three square eats a day. I'll say they souse.*

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

*I've seen more bums around this damned café
In just ten days, than I have seen before
In twenty years of work in Winnemac.
They've got a lot of lip, these boys and girls,
And look like hell, and act like down-and-outs.
They talk all day and night. Why can't they find
The time to go and do a little work?
There is a wop name always on their lips:
L. Greeko. And I'll bet the L is for
Louie or Lousy. That would suit a Greek.
I tell you, twenty years in real estate
Teaches a fellow talk from work by God:
And real estate is full of talk you bet.
Some of our profits come from yaps we spiel.
But say, we have to work as well as yap.
Work isn't big if fellows talk all day.
I understand a painter needs the day
To do his stuff in. Night light ain't no good.
I've watched 'em here by morning, noon, and night.
They don't do one damned thing but blaa and booze,
And booze and blaa and blaa and booze some more.
Christ, if their parents knew the life they led,
They'd yank 'em home and put 'em back to work!
The woodshed and a spankin's what they need,
Not flim-flam stuff and arty talk and booze.
How many of 'em ever do a thing?
I'll bet my bottom dollar that these kids
Who talk of Louie Greeko by the yard,
Ain't never heard of him before they came
Trooping to Paris and this rotten Dome.
I went and looked his pictures up, and gosh,
They looked like Barney Google and his horse!
For any of the folks that Greeko did,
Might have been Spark Plug, they'd a horsey look.
Old thin and hungry nags, the lot of them.
I don't like art. No I don't give a damn*

THIS QUARTER

*For pictures. Though I've liked some naked Janes
Hung up in bar-rooms. They were pretty swell.
I've got the hunch that damn few care for art,
Or more of these Dome dumbbells might be rich,
Instead of talking art and swilling booze.
I know the world laughs at me, calls me crude,
And says I am a hick without ideals.
I know that Babbitt is a household word
For all that's commonplace and uninspired.
But I've more inspiration in my toe
Than all these dumbbells sitting here half-stewed,
Who talk all day, while their good folks at home,
Send'em their checks so they can act like bums.
America is full of Babbitts. But
America is mighty strong these days,
And steel and mortar, business brains, and work
Make her the hope of European art.
Look what I hear around me in this place:
"How was your trip? And did you sell your stuff?"
That's what a Babbitt's for, to sell his stuff.
America is what these artists want
To market all their wares. And so do I.
But I am proud of the United States.
And these poor bums swill booze and patronize
The men who do things in America.
Now Hell's bells, Scotty, do you think that boy
That's sitting over there, and guzzling gin,
Will ever do a thing worth while? I'll say,
And I can judge men after twenty years
Of playing marbles with them, that he won't.
All that he's got is yap and booze, by God!
And that's the Dome 'bout ninety-eight per cent.
I made my way by sticking to my job.
My daddy came by steerage too, and he
Worked like the devil, and we kids got on
A damn sight better than we could have done*

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

*Had we remained in Prague, for Winnemac
Gives every fellow, if he's got the guts,
A chance to win out and to be a man.
Butter and eggs and wheat and corn and steel
Are better than your canvasses and paint
To hoist a man, I'll tell the cock-eyed world:
Paint is for painters if they'll stow their gab.
Paint's not for me. I have no need of it,
Except to paint a privy or a barn,
Or anything that needs a coat of paint.
I'm much too busy selling real estate
To play with paint. You should see our hotel.
It's full of pictures. Some of 'em are fine,
And they tell stories as all pictures should.
When I was turned sixteen, I went to work.
My father didn't give me any checks
To bum round Europe talking paint and booze.
America's made up of folks like me.
We do the work and make her hum, you bet,
And stick to jobs. Had dad remained right here,
He'd be a cobbler or a carpenter,
And he'd be sticking 'just where he was born,
And never know a thing outside his class.
I'm on the board of our athletic club.
I hold an office with the Boosters too.
If we'd remained in Prague, where would I be?
A carpenter by gee, or some such thing!
Say Scotty, did you ever stop to think
That Babbitt of the Boosters is some guy,
Compared to making shoes in Prague or Rome?
You bet I love my land! It treats me right.
Look at 'em come from all the seven seas,
The Babbitts with their bundles on their backs,
Yammering Yid, and Russ, and Wop, and Greek.
Those Greek guys are the boys to get along.
They don't paint folks like horses, no indeed.*

THIS QUARTER

*They shine, and wait, and sweat, and save their dough,
And in a decade they are boosters too.
Somehow these Babbitt fellows get along.
And I am Babbitt of the Babbitt band.
I do my bit, and make my bit, by Heck!
And no man has to carry me along,
Like these Dome dumbbells sitting talking art,
And swilling booze, and spilling bunk, by God!
And slumming out their lives, and catching clap,
Or worse, and bumming meals from any man
Who's fool enough to let'em bum some more,
Or taking dope, or studying all the time
The way to be expert degenerates.
Fairies and Lesbians, these words are new
To Babbitt and his gang. Thank God for that!
Look at that thing that calls itself a man,
Making fool eyes at that man over there.
Painted and frizzed. By God, our Ku Klux Klan
Would soon make mince-meat of that hunk of blaa!
Look at those girls! Their fathers send 'em checks
To ride home in their coffins, for the dope,
Or homosexuality, or booze
Will get 'em sure as sure. A Babbitt can
Make good in God's own country, where his chance
Is given him if he's got any guts
To stand up to a job and make his way
From shoes to real estate. And some of us,
The richest Babbitts of the Babbitt band,
Make enough kale to buy artistic junk.
Call me a hick or bourgeois if you like,
But call me a good guy, by God, for I
Have helped my land to prosper and to grow,—
You've got to say that Babbitt is a man!*



Saint Père, by Edward Bruce.

ART, INSANITY, SURREALISM AND THE HATHA YOGI...

by

Hilaire Hiler

An endeavor at disquisitionary activities in the fields of the ebullitions and superlucrations of the "sub-conscious" mind... *aut non tentaris aut perfice*... based nonscientifically upon introspection and praecognita, is only likely to be "gotten" by persons who have had much acroamatic docimasy in that terrain. These individuals may be roughly placed in the following categories :

1. Insane.
2. Narcotic users.
3. Most alcoholics.
4. Yogis and other mystics.
5. Neurotic imaginative people who have not yet "found themselves".
6. Surrealists.

For obvious reasons it is chiefly to the last two classifications that this opus is addressed, so if you are not a Surrealist or one of those who has sat solitudinarily with the stealthy *doppelgänger* in the aphonic watches of the night and listened to the stillness throb through the rhythmic workings of his own heart-beat, it will be useless for you to further peruse it.

The insane, endemically those known by the gallic designation of *fous discordants* (I do not know the English equivalent) live, except when in their so called "lucid intervals", almost entirely in the subcon-

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scious, a fact which in itself forms perhaps one of the chief symptoms of their psychopathia. They not infrequently produce excellent art or literature which is thus aetiologically surrealistic (the reverse of this proposition not necessarily holding).

Sane persons, — an arbitrary premise must be here adopted though not explained, — because of the difficulty inherent in the definition of the norm, wishing to produce creative work of a surrealistic nature must place themselves in a state where the portals of the subconscious are opened and the methods by which this desired condition is brought about may lend themselves to discussion.

Students of psychopathic phenomena know that the more civilized the community, the greater the proportion of insanity... the more civilized the individual the less comprehensible and therefore the less "sane" he is from the herd standpoint... a fact recognised by the popular truism commingling genius and madness. In the highly organized sensitive artistic personality the doors to the subconscious stand always ajar and a favorable atmosphere, such as is provided by quiet and isolation, in most cases suffices to open them adequately to surrealism. Failing, the connection may be obtained by other methods such as those known to all mystics.

The simplest of these are based upon rhythm. Primitives stamp, dance, chant, sway the body to and fro, and so on, to obtain the desired result. Anyone who has seen the whirling dervishes doing their stuff, knows that their circination is of a rhythmic nature and very successful for their purpose.

Rhythmic music of the proper sort may alone bring excellent results.

Another *modus operandi*, recommended for its lack of complication, is the concentration of the vision on

HILAIRE HILER

a brilliant object for a required but varying length of time, which diminishes with practice. This is well exemplified by crystal gazing, (crystallomancy, lecanomancy, hydromancy, onychomancy, catoptromancy, etc.). Looking at a light in one room from another and darkened one, preferably from a reclining position, provides a substitute for the crystal. The "snowballs" on sale at the *Galerie Surrealiste* may also be used.

Alcohol, because of its tendency to impart a false optimism, is less important than might be supposed. It works well with certain individuals if their original or conscious state is in the properly subnormal relation to the norm from an alcoholic point of view.

Narcotics have varying effects depending upon their respective strengths and nature. Cocaine usually heightens the consciousness to a point which makes it not only useless but even undesirable for the purpose of this discussion. Ether has an unfortunate physical consequence. Opium is not bad from a literary angle but useless in the case of the other arts. Its technique is comparatively complicated and in the case of intellects of a non-surrealistic trend, the only sort who might need it, it may act in a manner not at all paralleling the one desired... witness De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater*. On the other hand Coleridge's *Xanadu* has finely surrealistic passages.

Hashisch and its Mexican form *Cannabis Americana* are perhaps the best drugs known as substitutes for more natural and less harmful methods of opening the doors in question. They chiefly affect the visual sides of the subconscious (*vide* Baudelaire) and are therefore useful to painters and sculptors. In literature they are responsible for such products in the realm of poetry as the following written by a

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young man of no talent in his first and probably last poem:

Down the deep gloom ways
 Dark birds of evil homing
Flap through the morbid gloaming
Deep through the doom days.
 Dark down the gloom ways
Gray grows the tombstone graven
 In shade of shadow raven
Deep drones the drunken drayman
 Scared steps the wayward layman
Down the deep doom ways...

...What effect they may have upon talented individuals may be conjectured.

But any chemical means have almost overbalancing disadvantages (monotonous morbidity, etc.), and it might be suggested that Surrealism be left to the sensitive types who need no other poisons than those contained in their own glandular and nervous systems. To such, time spent in a study of the simpler principles such as the *Rama* and *Hatha Yogi* would hardly seem wasted. With these as guides the use of isolation to its fullest extent might be indulged in without fear of the undesirable results sometimes noticeable in the case of sheep-herders or lighthouse-keepers. My suggestion is the connection between surrealism and certain phases of what is loosely known as "mysticism". I believe that the technique of the latter may prove useful in surrealistic production.

COURT REPORTING OFFICE

by

Robert McAlmon

Lunchtime, Audrey Ridge thought, nervously anxious. Murphy the head-typist, was extra nasty this morning, and others in the office thought her a wreck. Before the mirror in the washroom she adjusted her hat to shade her right eye, as she decided she must have new clothes. She couldn't afford to look shabby. Going down the elevator and on the street she resolved to stop burning up energy with worry. Her work was done, somehow. If Allen, her husband, would get and hold a position that paid a little to help family expenses; but he wasn't well, poor Allen, she could see. It was absurd of the doctor to say that inertia was all that troubled him. Besides, laziness is a physical condition, a disease, the way a person happens to be made. Allen was sensitive too, but he was brave about concealing his shame and hurt at the doctor's comment. Of course though, so much sickness as the doctor had to contend with must make a man cynical. He surely had to do with throngs of people who imagine themselves invalids.

The smartness of a woman passing caught Audrey's attention and she turned to look, before stopping in front of a shop window to re-adjust her own hat, deciding that she needed more colour on her cheeks. If she couldn't afford a new suit perhaps the cleaner might renovate the one she wore. She must look smart if she couldn't look young. Murphy would be only too glad to get her out of the office, and where

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would she get a new position if she lost this one? She couldn't expect much of Tim, her son. Why would people call him T.B.? It wasn't his fault that he had valvular heart trouble. He was so easily upset too, but still he might have realized how things were and not have run away to marry Rachel, and a baby was coming, and Rachel was delicate. Why should she have to support them all? They all pretended to be invalids, she believed. It was her fault for being sympathetic, but someday the strain would be too much. Then they would have to take care of themselves and they'd know what she was up against. A panic, deep and cutting, thrilled through her.

Live turtles and lobsters in the window of Joe's fish house made her remember Marseilles, and her home as a girl in Grenoble. If there hadn't been the war she might have stayed in France, but it was too bad she'd ever went abroad since she had to turn to making a living.

She decided she would afford a broiled salmon steak. "You haven't been to see us for sometime, Mrs. Ridge", Tony, the waiter approached her. She was pleased that he remembered her. Italian waiters do make one feel somebody. "Now, what will it be today? A nice trout?" Tony held up his forefingers and thumbs, exquisitely suggesting food. Audrey felt cordial warmth within. She was a ninny to get into the habit of grab lunches at cafeterias. They made her feel hunted. She'd let Tony handle the lunch and relax. Her manner took on leisurely competence, as though she were a woman of fashion and wealth. As she put colour on her cheeks and lips she let her senses receive the impression of Joe's dining-room. It was old tavernish in atmosphere. The polished brass and aluminium pots, pans, and

meat dishes, along the rafters above the grilling stone, gave her a thrilled feeling of comfort. When a salmon steak arrived on a burnt-brown plank a luscious brooding was in her. She sipped at the cider cup he served her, imagining it as fine old wine. For a time she felt casual, until with a clutch, a shadow of premonition that was panic, she remembered that Miss Reilly was cross today. Nerves had her again. Soon she was on the street. Her thin, wiry, body had erectness and seeming vitality. Her nervousness was blue-jay pert. Of course she drove herself to errors when nerves got her. What, after all, was so world-important in a few sheets of transcript, and a reversed letter here and there? Why should she bother about the opinion of a shanty Irish whippersnapper like Murphy? He had no breeding. Imagine, a healthy man, content to nag a few nerve-driven typists. If she had known she would need to earn a living she would have prepared herself as a girl. Murphy hadn't a thought above buying silk shirts such as cheap drummers wear. She must treat him humorously. Mr. Reilly had told her that she could have a position with the firm as long as she needed it. He, at least, was considerate and liked her.

By the time Audrey Ridge reached the Security Building she had convinced herself that her mood was one of breezy indifference. At the door of the building she encountered Grant Urquhart and they went up in the elevator together. "How are things?" Grant asked, mechanically.

"The same," Audrey answered airily. "Allen says he feels ill; Timmy hasn't work yet; Rachel feels miserable, but things will come out all right. It's up to the old lady though, but I'll manage."

"Chuck the lot of them." Grant grunted. "T.B.

THIS QUARTER

and Rachel anyway. Maybe you like the old man and would be lost not having him to fuss over. They'd snap out of it if they had to".

"You don't understand how it is with a woman, Grant, and what is life anyway? Allen can be so charming, when he's well, and I did spoil Timmy."

Grant laughed, a hysteria of perplexity in him. Audrey Ridge was so driven that she became comic. Today she had more rouge than usual plastered on, and it accented her high, bony cheeks. She made him think of a skinny chicken which has been hit on the head and runs dazedly around. She was a skeleton and skin bag of a person, kept passable looking by artifice and doped with chemicals to hide from herself the wreck she was.

"What's the cases today?" Grant asked. "I hope it's a crime case. They are more interesting to a sociologic spectator."

"It's that eternal oil case", Audrey said. "I don't ever know what the cases are about. I can't type and think while I'm typing".

Mrs. Ridge was a nuisance when a rush was on. She appealed to Grant's sense of pity, so that he tried to correct errors for her to prevent Murphy's knowing how many mistakes she made. That he couldn't do if work was pressing.

"Dear," Mrs. Ridge said, "Timmy thinks he might return to college for his degree, and work afternoons. I told him that you went to college and made fair money too. Why can't he? But he'll play around with fraternity brothers who have more money than I can give him."

"What frat does he belong to?"

"Kappa Beta Tau, and it's little any of those boys get out of college that could be called education."

"I'm going to a dance at their house Saturday."

No one was in the office but Miss Reilly, as it was not one-thirty, and word has passed that the whole force would work till long past midnight. Miss Reilly, a sturdy, well-made girl, much given to moods, looked grim, and commented viciously on how she would manage to get Murphy cleared out of this office. Her father, the chief court-reporter of the firm, and the only one to be relied upon never to be drunk, had agreed with her that Murphy was unmannerly to her and Mrs. Ridge.

Going through the offices Grant collected dictaphone records that needed shaving. He was glad Murphy was out, as that gave him time to have some cylinders shaved by the time Murphy came. He'd probably be late as the reporters could not begin dictating till well after three, since court sessions started at two-thirty.

"I shaved four dozen records for you this morning," Miss Reilly told Grant. "You shouldn't let them pile up. Murphy is filthy tempered and uses the unshaved records as a pretext to growl at me that the office is not ready for rush work".

"Thanks," Grant said, looking discreetly at Miss Reilly. She wouldn't stand facetiousness today. "There are several dozen new records, so Murphy need't squeal. I always catch up with the transcribers on my reading back, anyway."

"This damned oil case!" Miss Reilly complained, looking from the window to the street traffic eight stories down. "I am in a ghastly mood. The damned hicks who pack the streets outside drive a person crazy. I wish the middle west would import its hog and corn farmers somewhere else when they retire. Why do they have to amble along and pack in mobs? This is the filthiest city, and on hot days!" Grant noticed, for the hundredth time that her ankles were

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beautifully formed. She was a neat, dark, Irish, type. "I wanted to go to the theatre with my baby sister," she added. "I don't get out much, but she might as well have a gay time."

"Go ahead", Grant answered. "I can do all the reading back once the records are shaved." He was already doing the records on the electric run machine. One of them popped and small pieces of hard, black, wax, shot over the floor. "Hell, that record was too thin".

"You haven't set the blade too deep?" Miss Reilly was sharpvoiced. "You're too anxious to get it done. It may be a bore, but it's just as important as reading back transcript."

Grant made no reply other than to set the knife so that it cut less deeply. Next thing the typists would complain that they could not understand the dictation because the cylinders weren't shaved deeply enough to remove the previous dictation's impression? It was going to be a monkey house today. Stuffy weather, with old Ridge, Murphy, and Miss Reilly, scrappy and nervous, and Mr. Wren just over a two-weeks' drunk-on, so that his dictation would be foggy and repetitive. There were two outside typists coming in, too, and one couldn't bet on their skill.

Within an hour Grant had finished shaving the records and rested. "There's some trouble about T. B. Ridge. Do you know what it is?" Miss Reilly asked him confidentially. "His mother doesn't know yet, and I hope she doesn't hear. While we're so busy anyway. He is a rotter."

"It's nothing much, I guess. I don't know him, but he evidently thinks he can be a movie actor. Last Saturday a party of ham actors were nabbed, and some of them were in woman's clothes as one of

them was a female impersonator. Maybe there was dope at the party too. I heard T. B. was let off though, because he said he hadn't known what kind of a party it was to be."

"He should be whipped and made to get a job and keep it", Miss Reilly asserted? "Poor Audrey".

Murphy loitered into the office, a barber shop non-chalance on his smooth, heavy-jowled, inferior Irish mug. Toothpick in his mouth, he was obviously digesting his lunch as he smacked his complacent lips. A minute later Mr. Reilly sauntered in, ruddy-faced, breathing easy-going amiability and street-corner politician kindness. So Murphy didn't have an immediate chance to be nasty, and Mr. Reilly suggested that Mrs. Ridge had better not stay after eight o'clock. Murphy shot a nasty glance at her.

"The new girls are both competent, and Mrs. Ridge is not well," Mr. Reilly said. "It won't mean more than a half hour extra for any of you, and it gives you a chance to set a new record for a twenty-four hour period." He placated Murphy's vanity.

By five o'clock the office force was hard at work. Five typewriters tapped at crack steno speed. Grant intently read back typed sheets, while seeing that each new-dictated record got to typists as soon as they were needed. For three hours the reporters each did half hour sessions at the court, to hurry gack and dictate that portion of the case. Mr. Wren was not over his drunk-on, but his temper was apologetic, for in his brooding state he dictated meticulously. His florid, dowager-queen wife came into the office for a minute during the afternoon, to be sure she had him where she could place the fear of a scene into his cringing conscience. Then he would not dare fail to come home to his arrogant, blond helpmate. At one moment in Mr. Wren's office Grant caught his sheep-

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ish gaze and felt an impulse to laugh at this curly-headed, gentle-eyed hulk of male flesh, who now wanting to be at ease, apologized for his existence to everyone who met his gaze.

Jepson, the junior of the firm, had nerves today. Grant kept out of his way easily as he was hard pressed reading back. He didn't like Jepson's clothes-clerk smugness and knew that if Jepson was nasty he would snap back.

At eight Miss Reilly and Mrs. Ridge left. Outside, the hum of traffic had become intermittent rather than a steady pounding rattle. The reporters were in their offices dictating steadily so as to have their portions in the hands of the typists. Shortly after nine their dictation was completed, and they went out for dinner. When they returned three quarters of an hour later Grant was able to give each a pile of transcript for their okay. The steady hum of four typewriters went on, to Grant's hearing, as behind walls, his ears accustomed, his mind intent on voices bee-droning in his ears from the headpiece of the dictaphone. Business had cleared the atmosphere of any personal antagonisms, with the women's departure. It was now to be a steady run of typing, reading back, correcting, getting the sheets in sequence, and bound, for taking to the attorney of the oil case, until the job was done. Contrary to expectations the work would be done by four o'clock, morning, and Grant looked forward to hot coffee and waffles at some night restaurant. He'd be in bed five o'clock, he hoped.

Finally Grant was alone with Murphy, who helped him get the transcript in order for delivery to Mr. Traherne in the Attorney's building. Pleased with the amount of typing he had done, Murphy was sociable, and Grant felt an aftermath of restfulness,

believing he liked the drive and insistence of days like this.

"I wish that women would keep out of court transcribing jobs. They make ten errors to a man's one," Murphy commented.

The old antagonism which inferior men have for women rivals in occupations that have nothing to do with sex, Grant thought, but did not anger Murphy by telling him there'd been more errors in his transcript than there had been in that of either of the two young women typists. "Poor old Ridge isn't so bad when she's feeling well. It isn't her fault neither if the men in her family won't work".

"Why should a good typist like me have to check up her errors because she has a shrimp husband and a pimp son?" Murphy growled.

Grant did not answer, having no sympathy for Murphy. Depression caught Grant as he thought of his own future and wondered why he wanted to go on, but hell, he told himself impatiently, he could stand what he had to, and that's what life comes to. No intellectual sniffing helps, and he didn't believe in the sensibility of many so-called intellectual and artistic beings. He tried to convince himself that his depressed mood was nothing but a let-down after work tension.

It was five o'clock when Grant left the building. Main street was deserted, and oncoming daylight sifted its glow into the night haze, through which streetlights shown, whitegreen spots, water colour moons. A policeman strolled a block ahead. Grant started when a man asked him for a match, and then went on quickly, resenting, not the street-soliciting fairy, but nature, which produces types which are driven by society to seek their satisfactions in so humiliating a manner. A startled conviction came to

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him that the man who had approached him was T. B. Ridge, whom he had seen one time conversing with his mother. He tried to think that Ridge, then, had come thinking to see his mother home, but the man's approach had been at him as a male passer-by. But he wasn't sure that it was Ridge.

Across the street there was a soft crash on the pavements. Grant stopped with a jerk of nausea. Where the sound had come from he saw a mass, and recalled that but a few weeks ago some woman had thrown herself from the top story of a nearby building. Dizzy sickness was in him, when another crash shocked him back to clear consciousness. With nervous pain of relief he saw a coal wagon across the street. The horses stood bulkily in the shadow of the building. Two men were unloading coal bags from a truck, to empty them into a man-hole. A sense of catastrophe was till in Grant however. He'd better cut out this job and get another, but he needed money, to spend, and to save for when he wanted to go elsewhere. In any case he could imagine no possible change that seemed desirable to him now. Nerves and over-work were making him too susceptible to moods.

THE RAVELS OF TODAY AND THE MOZARTS OF TOMORROW

by

Maria Pia Cafagna

The plural in the above title is merely euphonic; there is only one Mozart and one Ravel and it is of Ravel that I propose to write.

However, to those who find the caption strange, it may be said that we are always near-sighted when viewing the things of our own century. It is perfectly normal to speak of Mozart and Ravel in the same breath and to suggest that the quality of their greatness is comparable. One might even say that Ravel's contribution to the development of musical art has been such that if Mozart himself could have heard some of his orchestration he would have been both delighted and surprised.

In other words, in spite of those who say they do not like the music of today and the pessimists who say there is no music at all, it may be consoling to consider that (unlike the crab) music is not going backward but is following a steady line of evolution.

If it had not been handled by barbaric interpreters we would not now be two hundred years behind in appreciation, nor would we still take it as an algebraic equation, when it is not a question of algebra at all. Music is merely a mirror into which you are asked to look and if you do not like the vision it is either

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because the mirror is bad or because you are not pleased with the reflection.

Music is a quality of soul, and it is only when your quality coincides with the composer's, through the medium of an interpreter who must possess the same quality, that the reaction of pleasure occurs, — and that is why it so rarely occurs.

In the early days of music, when Monteverdi first used the dominant seventh, people were shocked and thought it vulgar. It is very likely, that if, at present, we do not respond to the "Septièmes" of Ravel it is because we are not sufficiently refined. Any pianist can give a good interpretation of the "Rêve d'Amour" of Liszt, but "La Vallée des Cloches" will never really be heard until it be played by a sensitive and highly cultured individual.

Although Mozart is one of the most sensitive and considerate of the ancients, he was nevertheless bound by the traditions and cadences of his period. It was only after I had spent a year with one of "The Six", analyzing all the Sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart, that I realized why I had found many of them dull. Of course, parts of them are superb; everybody knows it — but throughout the whole collection there is not one that is perfect from beginning to end. Inferior themes, dull developments, monotony of structure and the everlasting fondness for modulating to the dominant. This revelation led me to declare that I would rather have written the one and only "Sonatine" of Ravel than all the two volumes of either Mozart or Beethoven.

In the "Sonatine" of Ravel the appeal is direct; nothing comes between the hearer and its lyric beauty, and there is no disturbance from the style. For Ravel's style is so subtle that the layman declares he has no style at all. Of course, in order to "épater

le bourgeois" one must give him something that will hit him in the eye, but the trouble with such a style is that just as soon as it gets out of style it stands out like an old opera setting. In Ravel you cannot lay your finger on exactly what it is that makes his style, because Ravel and his style are one, and that is why it will never grow old. It is only passages of pure music that survive the centuries, and such an incredibly large part of Ravel's music is pure that one might well speak of the unprecedented perfection of his works. A most vital element necessary for this perfection is a genius for melodic lines, and that is one of the advantages that Ravel has over Stravinsky who usually has to borrow his themes from peasants. Ravel was even luckier than Debussy who had Massenet for a teacher (which would be enough to scare anyone when it came to singing); the teacher of Ravel was Gabriel Fauré the "mélodiste par excellence".

Nor can we dismiss his style by talking of his melodic lines, since he is also a great innovator in harmony; but all these elements (melody, harmony and rhythm) are rather the result of a very refined and poetic sensibility. He combines, in short, the purity of Mallarmé with the directness and spontaneity of Baudelaire.

In his delightful book, "Ravel et son œuvre dramatique", Roland-Manuel quotes from Paul Valéry:

"Les dieux, gracieusement nous donnent pour rien tel premier vers, mais c'est à nous de façonner le second, qui doit consonner avec l'autre, et ne pas être indigne de son aîné surnaturel".

The gods have given Ravel many "premiers vers" and he has sung so worthily and so well that it is difficult to tell where the gods left off and he began.

But across the simplicity of such a nature it is

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amazing how many complex ideas have been formed. One absurd prejudice is that Ravel is like Debussy; another, that because you are fond of one you cannot be fond of the other. As if you could not like Shelley and Keats at the same time; and the striking thing about Debussy and Ravel is that they are so different. If Debussy tells you "*Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest*", Ravel is no less a creator of Grecian urns. His construction, in fact, is nearly always classic with the difference of not being obvious as the classic composers. It is really more Greek — like the Parthenon which, though built in the symmetry of five to three, is nevertheless entirely composed of curved lines.

Another curious misconception about Ravel is, that because he is intellectual his music is not emotional. This is very difficult to understand. The only solution I can find is that those who do not consider him emotional are either not moved by the right emotions or do not recognize a true emotion when they are confronted by one. Personally, I know of no other music that moves me quite so much.

I should mention first and foremost "*Daphnis et Chloë*" a ballet which has not even yet touched the Metropolitan stage.

There are obviously several Ravels, the early Ravel of "*Jeux d'Eau*" and the "*Pavane pour une Infante défunte*". It is the second Ravel which I like best; the Ravel of the "*Sonatine*" and "*Ma Mère l'Oye*", "*Miroir*", "*Valses nobles et sentimentales*", "*Scheherezade*" and the gorgeous "*Quatuor à cordes*".

Then there is the Ravel of humour in "*L'Heure Espagnole*", and the "*Rapsodie Espagnole*", which proves that Ravel can be as Spanish as Debussy and twice as Spanish as any Spaniard.

MARIA PIA CAFAGNA

In the last period, the "Tombeau de Couperin" and the "Trois Chansons Madécasses" take on a more sombre coloring. How much the strenuous occupation of driving a truck in the World War may have used up Ravel's vitality I cannot tell; I have only seen him from a distance; but he is still young and we may look forward to many more important works. It is rumored, in fact, that Ravel is now working on an opera suggested by Joseph Delteil's vivid life of Jeanne d'Arc.

For a complete list of his works however, one can consult Roland-Manuel. It is not possible in one brief essay to give more than a vague notion of Ravel. My chief object, however, is to point out that if our age is out of rhythm we are nevertheless fortunate in having so great a composer as Ravel.

People are always complaining that they do not like dissonances, as if they had nothing to do with them. But dissonances in music are merely the composer's reaction to a rather unsatisfactory age of gasoline and jazz, and it takes a personality as tremendous as Ravel to ignore all this, and to build a world of his own. An enchanted world, as Roland-Manuel says, peopled with gods and fairies, with gentle animals and turbulent marionettes, and with soulless clockmakers and immortal clocks.

And so, when tomorrow comes and when Mozart will be a sort of Massaccio, not heard every day, our descendants will discuss at length the wondrous new elements with which Ravel enriched the modern orchestra; they will thrill at the lyric beauty of his style, and they will be surprised to hear that we did not appreciate the humour of "L'Heure Espagnole", and that many of us died without hearing "Daphnis et Chloë."

REVELATION

by

Rhys Davies

I.

The men of the day shift were threading their way out of the colliery. The cage had just clanked up into the daylight, the tightly packed men had poured out and deposited their lamps, the cage swishing down again for the next lot, and, hitching their belts and shaking themselves in the sunlight, these released workers of the underworld began their journey over the hill down to the squat grey town that was in the bed of the valley. As he was passing the power-house, just before depositing his lamp, one of these colliers heard his name called from its doorway:

"Gomer Vaughan. A moment, please."

Gomer went over to the man who called him.

"You live near my house, don't you, Vaughan? I wonder would you mind calling there to tell my wife I won't be home until about eight this evening? I've got a job on here, tell her, and I can't leave it. You see, she's expecting me now... Hope it's no trouble?"

Of course it wasn't. Gomer was glad to take the chief engineer's message. Montague was liked by all the miners: a chief engineer with sympathetic principles, though an Englishman. Gomer nodded and resumed his way, soon regaining the particular

companions with whom he always walked home. They were all young men.

"What the blighter want?" asked one.

Gomer told him.

"She's a beauty, she is," said another, meaning Mrs. Montague, "proud of herself, too, strutting about and looking as though the world's no more than ninepence to her, whatever."

"Got something to be proud of, she has," returned a short terrier-looking fellow, perking himself to have his say. "A sprightlier bird never trod on two legs. Half French, they say. Ach, she makes our lot look like a crowd of wet and pannicky hens. Got something our skirts don't seem to have."

"I wouldn't," said the eldest of them critically, "swop her for my old 'ooman. Too much opinion of herself she has, by the look on her. A spirited mare she is in the house, I bet."

Gomer said nothing. He was the latest married of the company. He did not want to say anything on this subject of women. Though he could say a lot, by God he could. He could let flow some language — a lot of language. But he held himself tight, his eye glittering, while the others went on as men will, saying what they'd up and do if any woman had too much lip and bossiness. He had been married a year: and he was all raw and fiery from his encounters with Blodwen. God, he never thought a woman could be so contrary. Soft and simpering as she was before they married... Well, he'd show her yet... And as the colliers swung along together Gomer planked his huge nailed boots down on the pavement with a vicious firmness.

They had descended the hill and as they reached the long dismal rows of dwellings that constituted the town they separated to climb to their different homes.

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Gomer lived in the last row reaching up the side of the greyish-green hill. At the end of this row was a detached house where the engineer and his wife lived. The lonely bare hill swept up above it. Gomer had to pass his own cottage to climb to the villa.

It was a warm sunny summer's afternoon. There was a clear cold mist in the still air. Gomer wished there was a country lane of shady trees with a clean stream running near, in this part of Wales. He would have liked to stroll there in peace that evening. But no — after his meal and bath there would be nowhere to go but the street corners, the miserable pub, or the bare uninviting hills. Ah, what a life! Gomer sighed. The same thing day after day. Down to the pit, up again, food, bath, quarrel with Blodwen, slam the door and then a miserable couple of hours trying to jaw to the fellows on the street corner, and back home to see Blodwen's face with the jibe on it still.

He cleared his throat and spat before opening the gate of the garden. Ach, he had enough of her tantrums, and if she wanted a fight he was ready for her. Trying to dictate to him, just as her mother had tried it on him. Save up to buy a piano indeed! And no one in the house who could play it. He'd give her a piano!... He knocked the shining brass image on the villa door and glanced about. Natty house. Bright little garden — a rose garden. There were bushes and bushes of them: he'd never seen such big red and white roses. And such a smell! He almost snorted as he breathed in and emitted the perfume.

No one had answered his knock. He turned and knocked again. Where was the servant? Keeping him hanging about like this. He wanted his dinner. He knocked again. Then there came sounds of steps,

upstairs it seemed, and as the steps sounded nearer, hurrying downstairs, a shrill voice called :

"Can't you wait a minute, darling!"

It was Mrs Montague, of course, Gomer said to himself. She thought her husband was at the door. And there was laughter and excitement in her voice. Ah, that was the way to greet a tired husband coming home from work. An excited voice calling 'darling'. Made a man think a woman was worthy to be a wife... The door was flung wide open.

Gomer's tongue clave in astonishment to his mouth. The gaping silence lasted several moments. A naked woman stood before him, and then slowly, slowly retreated, her fist clenched in the cleft between her breasts.

"Mr... Mr... Montague asked me..." stammered Gomer, and could not switch his rigid gaze from the apparition.

How lovely she was!

"...told me..." he went on numbly, "... said..." His voice dropped and he stared at her like one possessed.

She turned at the foot of the stairs... fled up, and it was like the flutter of some great white bird to heaven.

"... to tell you he couldn't come home at all until eight o'clock just..." suddenly bawled Gomer into the empty passage-way.

He waited a few seconds, wondering if she would answer. He heard her hurry about upstairs. Then she appeared again, wrapped now in a loose blue garment. Her face was flushed as she came down the stairs, but as she advanced to him she laughed. By God, how she laughed! Gomer felt his blood run. She wasn't ashamed, not she. And still her white feet were bare. They were bare and flawless and like lilies pressed on the floor.

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"What is that about my husband?" she asked easily. Gomer told her. Under the pit-dirt his cheeks burned.

She thanked him very prettily, and then she said:

"I thought it was he at the door. I'm sure you'll understand. I was having a bath. You are married, I expect?"

Gomer nodded. She looked up at his gazing eyes again in a queer laughing way and said in dismissal:

"Oh, well. Thank you very much for the message."

He turned at last, and the door closed. He stepped out of the porch and, his eyes lifted in thoughtful amazement, made his way slowly to the gate. Never before had he seen a naked woman. Not a live one. Only in pictures. Respectable women — it had always been understood — kept themselves a mystery to men. But was that quite right? Ought they to keep themselves such a mystery? When they were so beautiful. Surely Mrs. Montague was respectable enough! Her husband was a fine respected man, too. He wouldn't have things done that weren't right... Gomer suddenly made a decision that it was quite natural for a woman to meet her husband naked. It was lovely too.

As he opened the gate he saw a rose-bush stretched up the wall. There were several curled pink-flushed roses. One bloom wouldn't be missed. His hand immediately snatched a flower, and, when he got outside the gate, he laid it in his food-tin.

Gomer's shoulders seemed squared and defiant as he went down at a quickened pace to his cottage. He was going to make his peace with Blodwen. But he was not going to be a namby-pamby fool either. After all, she was his wife: and he was not an

unreasonable man. He had been quite fond of her, too and there were times when he thought her handsome enough for any man.

II.

"You're late," she said accusingly. And before waiting for him to reply she went on shrilly, "Don't you blame me if the dinner's spoilt."

"Which means it is, I suppose!" he said. But he smiled at her, his good white teeth shining out in his blackened face.

"Come in at your proper time then," she rapped out, prodding the meat viciously.

He leaned forward and playfully slapped her on the back. She uttered a scream and the meat slid off its plate, hesitated on the edge of the table and fell on the floor. His action and the ensuing accident had an exaggerated effect on Blodwen. She arched up her long neck in a tight rigid fashion, her face flamed, and she darted out into the little scullery like an infuriated turkey.

"I've had enough," she screamed, "and more than enough."

And she banged some crockery about.

"Now then," Gomer called to her soothingly, "now *then*, my pet. What's the damage! A bit of dust on the old meat! Look, it's all right. Now, Blod, behave yourself. Where's the taters? I'm hungry."

He knew she'd find his gentle coaxing astonishing. Another time he would have hurled abuse at her. But she remained in the scullery. He sighed and went in there. She turned her back on him and went to the tap. He followed her and whispered in her pink ear:

"Now, now, what's got you, my darling! There's a way to treat a tired man who's been working hard as he can to get you a bit of dough! Turn about, Blod

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— and show me your chops laughing, the same as you used to! Look, look what I've got you —" He lifted his hidden hand and tickled her ear with the rose, then reached it to her nose. "Smell! Put it in your blouse."

She turned and said angrily: "What do I want with a rose in my working blouse! Where did you get it whatever?" She was relenting.

"Ah, my secret that is."

"Oh, well," she said, tossing her head, "put it in a cup on the table."

During the meal she reverted again to the piano controversy. "A catalogue came today from Jones & Evans. Cheaper they seem than anyone else. There's one that works out at seven and six a week."

His brows were drawn in wrathfully for a moment. He did not speak. She went on talking, and at last he cropped in:

"We'll see, we'll see".

The meal finished, a big wooden tub was dragged into the place before the fire, the mat rolled up. Blodwen, sturdy enough, lifted the huge pan of boiling water from the fire and poured it in the tub. Gomer stripped. The pit-dirt covered his body. Blodwen added cold water and Gomer stepped in the tub. While he washed she cleared away the dinner things. She was quick and deft enough in her work, and the house was bright and neat.

"I'm ready for my back," Gomer called.

"Wait a minute," she said coolly, taking the remainder of the dishes into the scullery.

So he had to wait standing in the tub with the patch of coal-dust beneath his shoulders glaring on the whiteness of the rest of his body. He knew she was exercising her own contrary will again. He might have yelled at her, but today he didn't want to. He

was holding himself tight in glowing anticipation. When she came at last to rub the hand cloth over his back and swill him down, he said nothing. Only grunted when she had finished:

"Not much respect have you got for a man's naked skin, Blod. You rub me as though I'm a bit of old leather."

"Bah!" said Blodwen — "a nice little powder-puff I'll get for you."

He laughed, lingeringly and good-temperedly. He wanted to get her in a good mood. "Ach," he said with affection, "one of these days, Blod fach, perhaps you'll come to know what a nice skin your husband's got on him."

"Conceit!" she said, and would not look as he vigorously towelled himself.

Early that evening, when he sat comfortable and easy by the fire, he said to her, as she was about to go upstairs and change:

"You're not going out this evening, are you, Blod?"

"Yes. I'm going to the chapel."

"Don't you go this evening, if you please," he said.

Amazement was now evident on her face. This politeness and interference with her arrangements was quite unusual. "Oh, indeed!" she began, ready for a battle.

He cocked his tight-skinned sturdy young head up at her. His eyes gleamed, there was an odd smile on his lips. "Well, go and change first," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders and went upstairs.

He sat waiting for her. She appeared in a peach-coloured silky dress. Her face shone clean. She was prepared for the woman's meeting in the chapel. He looked at her appraisingly and said softly:

"Come here, Blod."

"What d'you want now?" she demanded, withheld

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in spite of her coldness. She moved near to his chair—but apparently to the mantel-shelf looking for something.

"You're looking nice tonight," he said. And he suddenly leaned out of his chair and caught her. She cried out, disliking this horse-play in her best silk dress. But he held her and she had to keep still. Then he whispered a few words in her ear.

She suddenly wrenched herself free and slapped his face. He sprang up. Her face and slender tightened neck were mottled.

"Indeed," she breathed, "indeed! You rude ruffian. What d'you take me for, indeed? Please to remember I'm your wife, will you. I'll teach you to respect me, Gomer Vaughan." Yet there was an undercurrent of fear in her breathed words of contempt and horror.

But he had caught fire. His head lurched toward her, his eyes like flame-lit glass, he shouted: "That's just it, my fine lady. Remember you are my wife I'm doing. Look here, you. Enough of your silly airs and graces I've had. A lodger in this house I might be. You do what I tell you to, now."

"Never!" she screamed. "Such rudeness I've never heard of."

"What's in it?" he demanded furiously. "You see *me*, don't you, when I wash?"

She was retreating from him in obvious fear now.

"Never have I heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed. Her face was contracted, her eyes were strange and hunted. "Never. A woman is different from a man... And never do I look at you.... not in that way."

He was advancing to ward her. She saw the clear determination burning in his eye. With a sudden quick movement she darted out of the room and he sprang

RHYS DAVIES

too late. She was out of the house. He heard the front door slam.

He knew where she had fled to. Twice before, after their more furious clashings, she had hurried off to her mother's — Mrs. Hopkins, a widow who kept a sweet-shop. Mrs. Hopkins had come up 'to see him about it' afterwards. No doubt she would come this evening. He hated her.

She arrived half an hour later. Directly Gomer saw her pale large aggressive face, he buckled in his belt and thrust out his chin.

"What's this I hear from my Blodwen, Gomer Vaughan?" she began with shocked asperity. She looked startled this time, too.

He uttered an exclamation of contemptuous ire.

"That daughter of yours got no right to be a wife at all, Lizzie Hopkins," he fumed. "Running to her mother like a little filly! And don't *you* come here poking your nose in this business either. You go back and tell your silly daughter to return at once to the man she's married. See?" And he turned his back on her abruptly.

"Well, you might look ashamed —" Mrs. Hopkins replied in a rising voice — "well you might. Scandalous is the thing I have heard from Blodwen now just. Advice she has asked me. Gomer Vaughan, a respectable man I thought you. Please you remember that my daughter is a religious girl, brought up in a good family that's never had a breath of scandal said about them. And now you want her to be a party to these goings-on." Her voice reached a dangerous pitch — "Dreadful is this thing I have heard. Surely not fit to be married to a respectable girl you are. Shame on you, man, shame on you. What my poor dead Rowland would have said, I can imagine. Why, Gomer Vaughan, for forty years I was married to him,

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and never once was I obliged to show myself in that awful way! Don't you fear the wrath of God, man, don't you think of His eye watching!"

Gomer retained an admirable silence through this tirade. His thumbs stuck in his belt, he spat in the fire and said: "Pah, you narrow-minded old bigot, you."

Mrs. Hopkins began to breathe heavily.

"Insult and rudeness! Would my poor Rowland was here! And would my dear girl was single again!"

Gomer lost his balance then. He turned and shouted: "You be quiet, jealous old cat! What do you understand about young married people today? Interfering! Turning Blodwen's ideas the wrong way. A girl she is, isn't she then? Nothing extraordinary was it that I asked her. Only today was it I saw such a thing."

Mrs. Hopkins said quickly: "Who?"

In his ire Gomer incautiously answered, as though to strengthen his case, "Mr. Montague's wife. I —"

But Mrs. Hopkins broke in with a loud exclamation:

"Ha! So that's it then. Ha, now I understand well enough; *She* is the one, is it? Long have I had my feelings about her... Very well, Gomer Vaughan, very well —" And she began to back out of the room, her heavy head nodding with hidden menace, her pale eyes fixed on him triumphantly.

Gomer shouted at her:

"You send Blodwen back here at once."

Mrs. Hopkins whisked her bulky figure out of the doorway in a surprisingly swift way. "We'll see, young man," she darted back over her shoulder, "we'll see."

But Gomer had no doubts that Blodwen would return.

IV.

And so she came back — sooner than he expected. Mrs. Hopkins scarcely had time to reach home and impart whatever she had to say, and Blodwen was dashing into the room where her husband sat in brooding wrath.

“You,” she panted — “you been seeing that woman!”

She looked as though she wanted to leap on him. But like an enraged hound on leash she stood prancing and glaring wildly — “That’s where you been, when you came home late! That’s your monkey’s game, is it — ”

“Now, *now*, Blodwen — ” he began. Then he was silent, and he did not attempt to deny her accusation. There was a wolfish grin about his mouth. Blodwen continued to heap vituperation upon him. She became wilder and wilder. Her mouth began to froth, her eyes to protrude. And he liked her fierce, savage beauty. She had a splendour thus. His cunning wolfish grin widened. She became desperate.

“Not another night will I spend in this house! Gladly will my mother welcome me back — ”

He decided she had reached the pinnacle of fear. He got up and went to her. She shrank away and he followed. He took her arms firmly and with power.

“Long enough I’ve listened to your insults, Blod. Where did you get that idea from that I’ve been running loose? Eh? Has that old bitch been lying to you then?”

“You told her you been seeing Mrs. Montague naked — ”

“Well, well, and so I have — ”

Blodwen struggled to be free. “Oh, Oh!” she cried aloud.

“Some women there are,” he said, “who are not so

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mean as you about their prettiness! Mrs. Montague's got very good ideas how to make her husband happy. Listen, my silly little pet..." and he told her of the afternoon's event.

She became quiet. Surprise, astonishment, and amazement leaped successively to her wild-coloured face. And, also, there came a slow and wondering dawn in her eyes...

"There now," Gomer finished. "See how ready you are to think evil of me. And here I came home wishing to see a better sight than Mrs. Montague could give me. And well I could have it, too, only you been brought up wrong. That's where the mischief is. Too much shame you have been taught, by half."

Blodwen's head was a little low. The curve of her healthy red-gold cheek filled him with tenderness. And magnanimity. He said softly: "I tell you what, Blod, We'll strike a bargain. You want that piano bad, don't you? Well, say now we'll give way to one another —"

She hung her head lower. Some threads of her rust-brown hair touched his lips. He quivered. His hand slipped over her shoulder. But she would not speak.

"— And be nice to each other," he continued — "not always squabbling as your mother and father used to do! Live in our own way we must, Blod... There now, isn't she a sweet one... there, ah! sweet as a rose, my darling, a better pink and white than any rose's!... there, my pet, my angel!"

"I'M SURE THAT JESUS WILL NOT DO
EITHER FOR ENGLISHMAN OR JEW"

by

Robert Wolf

*In the beginning was the Word,
God came next, and I came third.
I took the dead bones this God made,
Breathed on them — they undecayed...*

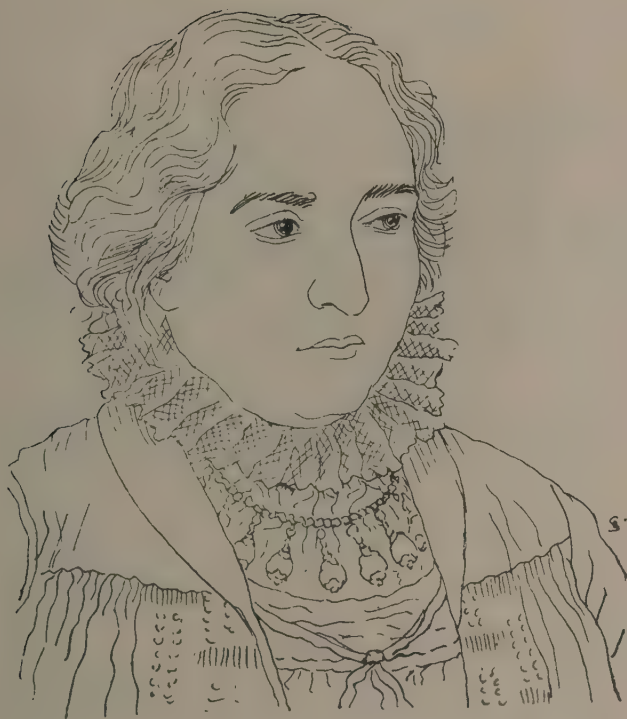
*I found Lazarus ready to rot.
Smell now: is he flesh or not?*

*Feel the silver Judas spends
In your pocket, best of friends.*

*Parables remain the way
I shall say what I shall say:
Is the name or is the rose
That which tiillates the nose?*

*Joined to judge both quick and dead —
Eat my body's wine and bread...*

*Grin to see me crucified
Just to probe how men have died!*



Portrait of Dr. Claribelle Cone, *from a dry point*
by Silbert.

THE FUGITIVES

by

Emily Holmes Coleman

They swung the flat tin shovels in Gothic rhythm. You go, I go, she goes, said the daughter. It isnt for you to decide, said the father pettishly.

She looked across the scuttled fields at the sun. The trees were black gateposts holding in the sky. What did you say, father? She tossed snow into the drift like a seal with a ball. He leaned on his shovel. We have got to go up and see her, he said. Come on, get busy you there. Mr. Karen, if you please.

He was the guardian of the gate. And would not let the colors of the sunset in. She will have lilies in her hair, said the daughter, and her hands will be white as cheese. His legs were slender saplings snapping in the wind. He walked on in the snow and got his feet in the drift. You see, why dont you look where you are going. She didnt say that to him. She remembered when she had thrown the napkin on his head and he had kept on talking, dignified and showing the carving knife.

Mrs. Pyatt with red strands running away from the white. His eyes squeezed into a smile. How much she looks like her. Yes, she does, he said.

Palms, and sunlight on the table. A strange resemblance, Mr. Karen. Mrs. Pyatt had been laughing. Her keys had color and self-reliance. This way, Mr. Karen. She opened the doors like a marching general. This way. All the faces turned and stared. A woman in a spotted dress turned away

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haughtily. I dont like your hair that way, she said to the daughter. She was on the fire escape, said the daughter, that one.

Try and say something nice to her, he whispered as Mrs. Pyatt opened the last door. How are you today, Mother? The room was yellow and the bed stared at its chill cover. I'll bring in a chair for your daughter.

He looked at her. Her hair fell over her right temple and her eyes were solemnly blue. She had on a blue dress, brightly printed. The sun was half of a great illuminated pumpkin through the outbuildings. The evergreen tree next to the window was full of sparrows.

They all gather there, she said. She pressed her nose into the pane and made furrows in the frosted glass with her mouth.

The daughter sat down and looked about the room. Where does she keep her nail file? My dear young lady, said her mother quickly, dont you know I might stick it into my breast?

Arent you going to turn round? Surely you remember Elizabeth. Of course I remember her. She puts pepper on her melon. And I remember you, she said passionately into the snow drift. Oh, how well.

Then why won't you look at me? he said. There was a moment of embarrassment. All the thumbs of ice have begun to whirl, she said finally, in shaking circles, keeping up with the wind. Look, Richard, these birds pick up crumbs. Why didnt you bring some bread for them? Here, give them this, said Elisabeth, this chocolate. They thrust pieces of the chocolate out through the slightly raised window. They fell on the snow like sun wafers.

Shall I talk about Horace? the daughter whispered.

EMILY HOLMES COLEMAN

The father frowned. You will just have to stop writing to that young man. He got red as he said it.

Dont be ridiculous, father, he is my husband. That has nothing to do with it, do you hear me? His hand came down violently on the bed and sank into the bedcover.

The mother turned and showed new shoes. I bought them for the baby, she said. I am not a baby any longer, said Elizabeth. He wanted to touch his wife's knee. He reached over to touch it and there was a chair in the way.

There were no shadows outside. Suddenly it was night and lights filtered through the outbuildings. Elisabeth searched for the button. Where do you turn on the light, mother? The President of the United States has lights, but not I, she said.

They sat there in the dark. Arent you going to turn around again before we go, he pleaded. She was counting out beyond. She turned and faced him. She was smiling and her chin greeted him. I am going, she said, they have chosen me to go.

It was Mrs. Pyatt, turning the key with one hand and balancing a tray. Here you are, Mrs. Karen. You have ten minutes to stay, she told them politely. She went out in the hall and spread a red light there.

You can see, my dear, that there is only one spoon. I am going to have a shutter of snow on my grave tonight. And snow on my glassy fingers, she said. There is only one spoon and we can take turns.

Through the dark window came an owl's screaming. There are owls in the woods around here. Did you hear it, Mrs. — ?

Kendall, she told her, Harriet Kendall of the Old North Road.

I'm very sorry but I've finished my supper and

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shall have to retire. You'll go, Richard? She drew herself into the dark. You will go?

The cold figures were munching lettuce and before one of them was mustard and ketchup and jellied chicken. A lady with high white hair was making rich chords. Can't you see the governor for me? I'll do my best, he told her and she slid into a sonata.

Outside the icy air rushed at their faces and bit their eyes. Lights were in all the buildings and the grounds were bare of men and women. A clock in a tower struck six. They went down the cleanswept walk and out the big gates. A Ford stood at the curb and a man jumped into it and was off.

We'll have to hurry, he said to her, to be at the station in time for the six fifteen. They walked faster under the stiff trees.

Look, father, she cried to him going around the bend. I wonder if she can see the train from her room.

He took an old newspaper from his pocket and began to read it. We shall have to buy hats in New York, he muttered. As they approached the tunnel he put the newspaper down and when the car was choked with smoke and steam he pulled her close to him and kissed her strongly on the mouth. You are cold, he said, like the chicken and the lettuce. He kissed her again until her lips ran a little blood.

We take pleasure in announcing that in a later issue we shall publish details of a prize of

Five Hundred Dollars

or

One Hundred Pounds Sterling

to be awarded for a short story by an American or English writer, and, returning Mr. Richard Aldington's compliment, of a further prize of

2,500 Francs

to the ablest young *English* poet whose work has appeared in **THIS QUARTER.**

THE FLYING COLUMN

INARTICULATE CRIES

The left wing of letters continues, at least in English, its determined struggle to be modern or, more strictly, to be contemporaneous. It starts from the perfectly correct perception that a good deal of writing rolls down thrice-trodden paths and that words mouthed a thousand times in the same manner have lost both meaning and sting. To remedy this situation it has attacked these words and their traditional order; it has ripped language asunder both formally and conceptually; it has gone so far as to disdain communication, doubtless with the obscure hope that the future will make clear what the present leaves quite dark. It has, in extreme instances, abandoned articulateness and resorted to a cry. Has it reached contemporaneousness with that cry?

One might, for a moment, analyse that concept: contemporaneous. What is it not to lag behind, not to repeat platitudes and thrice-told tales, to be, vulgarly speaking, up to the minute? It is, assuredly, to share in some measure the almost unimaginable intellectual revolutions of our age. Bloody political and economic upheavals and dictatorships of the right or of the left are but new forms of old human miseries; the real revolution of our age is in the realm of physics and psychology. The left wing writers who smash or shred conceptual speech and logical order have left themselves less and not more equipped to deal with that overwhelming mass and kind of new knowledge which, in its inevitable applications to every province of human life, will revolutionize, is already revolutionizing, morals and politics, history and criticism. Here is the burning moment, the inconceivably pressing NOW. Whole cycles of what was hitherto considered knowledge are wiped out; distance becomes as relative as direction; time and space inextricably blended perform a metaphysical witches' dance that can be both experimentally and mathematically represented; the analysis of the human psyche explains upon a wholly new basis collective passion and individual sex-choice; it re-

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interprets myth, legend and literature; it, too, has addressed itself to questions of language and even literary diction and has shown the strange and hitherto unheard of sources of the choice, the order and the quality of words.

It is clear enough that no writer can be contemporaneous who has no contact with this enormous and momentous re-thinking of both the physical and the moral universe. The old problems are in truth problems no longer. If in a novel or a play duty and inclination may still be said to come to a grapple, it will be an entirely new kind of duty and an entirely freshly conceived kind of inclination; the conflict will be waged upon terms that our most recent ancestors would not have understood. For this kind of renewal — a renewal and revolution in thought, in knowledge, in the method of apprehending the universe through that past and that future which are in themselves no longer fixed and absolute, one looks in vain in the productions of the left wing of letters. Introspection may afford a document for the analyst; beautiful, inarticulate cries may be the symptoms of a soul unadjusted under the pressure of modernity. But a creative contemporary art cannot arise until vigorous minds apply themselves to a re-understanding of a world changed and strange. Such minds, it is to be suspected, will use that more or less traditional speech which, since it has proved adequate to the astro-physicist and the psychologist in the expression of the unheard-of and unimaginable, will not fail the artist in his dealing with the concrete facts and passions of human life under however new a dispensation.



JOYCE SINCE
ULYSSES

Padraic Colum wrote in his preface to James Joyce's *Anna Livia Plurabelle* that it "is concerned with the flowing of a River." Gerald Gould, who reviewed the book recently in a London Sunday paper retorted that to him it also suggested water, but — on the brain. We are not so eager. Uncomfortable as it may be, wisdom advises waiting on the fence. One can never tell. It may not be *water* after all. Our mind is open. So it is with pleasure that we have allotted several pages to Mr. Michael Stuart, who has very definite notions on the subject of Mr. Joyce's post-Ulysses work, for an interpretation of his own. Does it get us any

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forrader? Mr. Stuart has had repeated discussions with Mr. Joyce concerning the ideology underlying his recent work; and has prepared for the press a voluminous Thesaurus of Joycean terminology with its equivalent in current English. Mr. Stuart is not an interloper.

When serious writers as Messrs. Colum and Gould hold opinions of such diversity on Mr. Joyce's recent writing, those whose opinion on the subject is as yet unformed will welcome additional interpretation.

Had Mr. Joyce not written *Ulysses*; had he not been the author of *Dubliners* and *The Portrait of The Artist as a Young Man*, it is no good pretending that it would be of surpassing consequence how much literary shrapnel were shot off in attack on or in defence of his late work. Its publication would have been a minor event. It would not have called forth a hodge-podge of opinions, glossaries, interpretations. It is no good pretending that it would. But being posterior to achievements that must be reckoned with, the necessity exists at least of distinguishing between Mr. Joyce's artistic activity up to and including *Ulysses* and the more recent phase.

Might not, indeed, Mr. Joyce himself, if he would, take a leaf out of the book of old John Taylor, the XVII century poet, the Water Poet, as he called himself, (allusion to the aqueous point of dispute between Colum and Gould is irresistible), who also conducted enterprises in linguistics, and facetiously announced: "If there be any Gentlemen, or others, that are desirous to be practitioners in the Barmoodo and Vutopian tongues: the Professor (being the Athour hereof) dwelleth at the Old Swanne neere London Bridge, who will teach them (that are willing) to learne, with agility and facility."

Might not Mr. Joyce equally say, if he would, as John Taylor said in a poem written "in his owne defence":

"If any where my lines doe fall out lame,
I made them so, in merriment and game:
For, be they wide, or side, or long, or short,
All's one to me, I writ them but in sport;
Yet I would haue the Reader thus much know,
That when I list my simple skill to show
In poesie, I could both read and spell:
I know my Dactils, and my Spondees well;
My true proportion, and my equall measure,

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What accent must be short, and what at leisure,
How to transpose my words from place to place,
To give my poesie the greater grace,
Either in Pastorall or Comick straine,
In Tragedy, or any other vaine,
In nipping Satyrs, or in Epigrams,
In Odes, in Elegies, or Anagrams,
In ear-bewitching rare Hexameters,
Or in Iambicke, or Pentameters:
I know these like a Sculler not a Scholler,
And therefore Poet, pray asswage your coller,
If as a theefe in writing you enuy me,
Before you judge me doe your worst and try me."



ADVICE TO A YOUNG AUTHOR

Monsieur Paul Valéry confesses somewhere to his sense of bafflement in contemplating the mysteries of novel-writing. Perhaps others, too, have experienced the same feeling. A British writer of distinction, whose name we are not at liberty to reveal, has analyzed the work of a budding writer who requested an opinion on his first novel. In his letter of reply he deals with literary technique, especially, the question of handling a difficult theme for a beginner, so concisely and with such good practical sense, we believe, that we publish the following rather disconnected excerpts for the pleasure of some, and for the profit, let us hope, of others, of our readers:

"...I have now read your manuscript and shall write plainly my impressions... The book interested me very much up to the end of the first chapter of part two; after that, it did not interest me at all. All the first part seemed to me observed; all the rest quite unconvincing. Your great difficulty, I take it, was that you could not make up your mind whether you wanted to write a novel or a tract. Where you keep to your novel, where you *dramatize your subject*, your work has great merit; where you discuss homosexuality in general it has very little. All that has been done over and over again in treatises, etc.... Your business is not to theorize, not to explain, not to make pleas; but to *present your drama without comment*. The fact that you are writing of a life that is ugly and sordid does not matter; it is no more

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sordid than the material used by Maxim Gorki in his early tales: the most brutal episode in the book — of the tramp in the lodging house, is also one of the best. It has colour, life, actuality: it really happens; and all the novel should have been done this way. Don't let your characters talk of things happening, but *show* them happening.

"The first meeting between A... and B... seems to me weak, simply because it is a mere statement and the scene does not emerge. But his hotel life, and indeed most of his working life is good.

"Why make A... a writer? That is always a weakness in a novel.

"All the literary side of your book would be better scrapped. And do not drag in contemporary writers. If we found S... reading a lyric by Wordsworth, we should believe more in the fineness of his taste than when he alludes to Firbank, etc. The one first-rate writer in his list seems to be W. H. Hudson.

"On the whole, then : Keep to pictures and drama and rule out every conversation that does not push the story forward...

Psychology : Don't you think you should show Alec more in relationship to normal people ? All that side of his life is barely alluded to, but he must have had relationships with normal people who were not unsympathetic. Of the three affections he forms in the book, all are for people like himself. This is surely contrary to probability. I should have said in nine cases out of ten he would have been drawn to some one *not* like himself — I mean to a normal person...

"There is excellent work in your book and there is no reason why you should not use a great deal of A... 's early life in a new novel. I can see how that novel might be made extremely powerful. If you cannot find a plot, don't bother to look for one; but fill out the life you present with detail; when Alec makes a railway journey *let* him make a railway journey — not merely get in at one station and out at another.

"If he is led astray by his English teacher, *show* that happening, present the scene and don't let him merely tell B... about it. The moral of your story will emerge clearly enough of itself; it all depends on your hero, whether he possesses any kind of fineness of character, and I mean by

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that something a great deal rarer than and more valuable than aesthetic taste..."



WORDS "You taught me language and my profit on it is, I know how to curse".—Dostoyevsky analyses somewhere the use of profanity (in which the Russians are perhaps the most adept among the nations) as a means of expressing something finer than the slander Caliban had in mind. As a matter of fact, the use of profanity as substitute for terms of endearment or strong affection is a phenomenon familiar to all races. This curious habit of giving utterance to a sentiment by stating its opposite may be ascribed chiefly to a limited vocabulary, looseness of speech, and to the psychological need for "strong" language in times of emotional stress. In all cases of this sort the tone of voice, the body itself turns into an instrument of articulation as potent as the tongue. "There's language in her eye", "language in their very gesture".

We communicate by means of an imperfect verbal symbolism rendered even more difficult in the impersonal written or printed form. Words may obscure a thought as well as reveal it. And the accurate use of words is a rarer achievement than may appear on superficial consideration. The writer inherits his linguistic raw material, so to say, and his business is to master it, not to add to confusion by "inventing" new symbols. Even the great masters of English poetry and prose use but a fraction of the well-nigh inexhaustible resources at their command. And the occasional license in grammar and language indulged in by men of genius at the zenith of a laborious lifetime is not to be taken as the birthright of every apprentice...

Words must communicate what they set out to express.

To invent words in this world where so many language barriers separate soul from soul as if with walls of brass is to bake bricks for a new tower of Babel...

THREE MONTHS OF POLITICS

by

Melvin K. Whiteleather

The year 1929 will undoubtedly go down in history as the World War liquidation year. Other events, since the Armistice, making possible those which have come to pass in 1929, arrived never more than one in a single year. The Dawes Plan was adopted in 1924; the agreement at Locarno took place in 1925; Germany entered the League of Nations in 1926; and the Pact of Paris was signed in 1928. Three conferences have been held in 1929 and a fourth is foreseen for December.

February led off with the Committee of Experts sitting in Paris. In May the Experts gave the Young Plan to the World as the final plan envisaging the end of Germany's obligations. In August came the Conference at the Hague to consider the Plan formulated by the Experts in Paris, and in October came another meeting of experts at Baden-Baden to organize an International Bank for the handling of reparations, a bank conceived by the Experts in Paris and adopted as a part of the Young scheme. The coming conference will meet to consider the report of the Baden-Baden group.

The Conference of the Hague, known as the conference for liquidation of the World War, set on foot a new movement which might be described as a slight recoil on the part of the major Powers from the spirit of Locarno to viewpoints more nationalistic. The most recent example of this was the downfall in

France of the Briand Government to which further reference will be made later on. The change began with the defeat of the Conservative government in England, in the Spring, as a result of which Mr. Philip Snowden crossed the Channel to the Hague in the capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer. From Locarno in 1925 until the Labour Party victory in England, European politics had been directed by three men: Herr Gustav Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Minister, and M. Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister. The three formed a relationship at Locarno which permitted them to work together with confidence in one another. What differences they had were glossed over with diplomatic language and they never once failed to come to some sort of agreement, at least "in principle". But Sir Austen was not permitted by the English electorate to attend the Hague Conference. Mr. Snowden, who speaks English with a Yorkshire accent and who never graced the beautiful town of Oxford by his residence, went in his stead. World diplomacy soon learned something about Yorkshire temperament. It was the first time that North-England had been represented in an important international political struggle. Hence, the diplomats at the Hague were astounded when Mr. Snowden announced a policy contrary to the one followed by Sir Austen and then held to it bull dog fashion until preparations were being made to close the conference without sanctioning the Young Plan. They were astonished by his language. At certain points it was rather plain and sometimes even personal, causing the French to look upon him as a man *un peu difficile*. Yet Mr. Snowden in May, before the Labour Party was elevated to power, served notice that he would do just what he did at the

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Hague, if the country would give his party a majority in Parliament. What took the breath away from the delegates representing the other five "inviting" Powers — France, Italy, Japan, Belgium and Germany — was not so much the demands Mr. Snowden made on behalf of England, as it was his determination to stand by his pre-election promises. Mr. Snowden was in a campaign when he first stated his position. The world winked.

Shortly after the conference opened, the Chancellor served notice that England would not accept the Young Plan as drafted by the Experts. England would receive in reparations what the Chancellor thought was an unjust percentage in respect to the other Powers. The Young Plan altered the Dawes Plan annuities by a scaling down of the total amount of money Germany was to pay and by preparing a definite time (thirty-seven years) when all payments should cease. Mr. Snowden drew up three demands, presented them to the other five Powers and then retired to his hotel in Scheveningen and waited. In the end, he received what amounts to about 85 per cent of his demands, which were:

1) Compensation for the loss in the total amount of distribution under the Young Plan, a loss represented as 48,000,000 marks or £2,400,000.

2) A fairer distribution of the unconditional mobilizable portion of the payments. Of this portion France received under the Young proposals five-sixths. Great Britain's share under the Spa percentages (which governed payments under the Dawes Plan) were 120,000,000 marks or £6,000,000.

3) Modifications of the system of deliveries in kind which had been a factor in the British unemploy-

ment crisis because of competition, and the competition of Reparation coal in the Italian market.

After failure had been predicted and forces were at work to shift responsibility for the break-up of the Conference, France, Italy and Belgium agreed to contribute toward the Snowden demands. Having obtained about 85 per cent of what he wanted, the Chancellor accepted. The Young Plan as first drafted was not formally altered, but an understanding was reached (on August 28th) among these Powers providing that in addition to the stipulations of the Plan, England should receive for her first claim:

1) A cash sum of 100,000,000 marks or £5,000,000 (which covers her obligations to the United States for the year 1929-1930). This allocation came from a surplus arising out of the overlapping of the Dawes and Young Plans from April to August, 1929, inclusive. The annuity value of this sum for thirty-seven years was set at 7,200,000 marks.

2) Guaranteed annuities from the other creditor Powers to the amount of 28,800,000 marks or £1,440,000. Three-fourths of this sum was to come from Germany's share in the balance of the surplus remaining after the debt-cover deductions. The remaining fourth was promised by Italy on the strength of the Czechoslovakian Liberation Debt of the Austro-Hungarian Succession States due to her.

Mr. Snowden's demand for a fairer distribution of the mobilizable portion of the payments, which left Great Britain scarcely nothing, but which under the Spa percentages would have given her 120,000,000 marks was met by guarantee of 96,000,000 marks gathered together from various sources. Mr. Snowden's third point, in regard to Reparation coal, was

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met by an offer from Italy to purchase 1,000,000 tons of British coal a year for the Italian State Railways.

Germany succeeded in injecting a political angle into the Conference and from that angle she derived her greatest benefit—the promise of Rhineland evacuation. Great Britain and Belgium promised to have their soldiers out of the occupied territory by Christmas (all British soldiers have now gone) and France pledged herself to evacuate by June 30, 1930. As an inducement to France to leave before that date, Germany entered a pool with the occupying powers for the costs of occupation after September 1. Germany's contribution to the pool was 60,000,000 marks outright, regardless of final cost. France could thus profit in cash by diminishing the total cost of occupation. The Belgians have kept about 6,000 soldiers in the Rhineland and the French 50,000.

A PEREGRINATOR.

A new method of attacking the time-worn problem of freedom of the seas which brought the United States and England to arms in 1812 and threatened to do so again from 1914 to 1917 when the former declared war against Germany, has been given definite form by the three weeks spent (October 4th to 19th) in America by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the British Prime Minister. Mr. MacDonald went to the United States to demonstrate the good will of his government toward the United States in regard to the vexing questions which from time to time obscure the skies on either side of the Atlantic. He wanted the President of the United States, Congress, and the crowds along Broadway to see him and hear his voice. It was the first time in history that a British Prime

Minister paid an official call upon the President of the United States.

Mr. MacDonald's visit followed several conversations with General Charles Gates Dawes, the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, upon the subject of parity for the United States and British navies and the rights of neutral nations in war-time. These subjects wrecked the Geneva naval conference called by President Coolidge in 1927. But Mr. MacDonald's government, faced with an American navy bill calling for construction of fifteen cruisers (passed shortly before President Coolidge went back to New England) decided that it was time to call a halt in the race for supremacy of the seas. An agreement in principle calling for parity by 1936 has been acknowledged and the specific figures presumably are being withheld for the London Naval Conference, on the calendar for the third week in January, for the purpose of limiting auxiliary craft. Only capital ships came under the Washington Limitation of Arms Conference of 1921. The real object of the MacDonald visit was to create an air of confidence in America more than to talk about specific ways to bring about parity, for the latter had already been discussed between Ambassador Dawes and the Prime Minister. In regard to freedom of the seas, an effort is being made to find a formula by which the United States will undertake in time of war not to furnish goods to an aggressor nation and Great Britain will renounce her traditional claim to search neutral ships for contraband.

Both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover have taken pains to assure the World that no definite agreement between them has been signed; that the MacDonald visit has been for the purpose of erasing the most formidable stumbling block which could appear before

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the coming conference in January, and that whatever binding contracts are made between the two countries will be drawn at the London Conference with the consent of the three other Powers (France, Japan and Italy) which will participate in the Conference.

Despite such assurances, suspicion of Anglo-Saxon hegemony has been aroused in France and in order to come to an understanding between themselves, France and Italy have decided to carry on conversations relative to their respective navies.

GUSTAV STRESEMANN.

Life has a way of making no man indispensable; but it does make the loss of some sincerely felt. The death of Herr Gustav Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, (on October 3rd at the age of 51 years) has left the world wondering what effect his absence from German internal struggles will have on *rapprochement* problems. Herr Stresemann was a man of the hour. It fell to him to take over the Foreign Office at a most critical period in German history and in world history. His ability to work with Chamberlain and Briand has been responsible for whatever progress that has been made toward a peaceful Europe. His collaborators at the League of Nations found it possible to put faith in what he said when faith was greatly needed. They believed that Stresemann was sincere. The French people seemed to trust him when they would not trust the people he represented. The ovation he received when he arrived in Paris to sign the Pact of Paris was eloquent. But his willingness to conciliate brought upon him much wrath at home, although in the eyes of the world Stresemann never once failed to fight for his country's interests.

MELVIN K. WHITELEATHER

The period between Herr Stresemann's first election to the Reichstag in 1907, when he was twenty-nine years of age, until his death represented a radical change in his political thinking. He was raised an imperialist with a great deal of fire, one who would never have signed a Locarno agreement. During the war he inveighed against any let-up on the part of Germany until Flemish coasts were in German hands, giving her a new outlet to the sea. But when defeat came, and it was definitely shown that a return of the Hohenzollerns was an impossibility, he formed under the Republic the Populist Party. He came to power during the Poincaré invasion of the Ruhr in 1923, as Chancellor of a coalition government, and as Minister of Foreign Affairs. From then on he was in the Foreign Office.

Herr Stresemann has been succeeded by Herr Curtius who was second in command of the Populist Party.

BRIAND'S FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Whether Europe is going to find another Big Three to work as smoothly as did Stresemann, Chamberlain and Briand is an unsettled question. Mr. Snowden's victory at The Hague, Herr Stresemann's death and the plebiscite fostered by Herr Hugenberg to forestall Germany's probable adoption of the Young Plan, were large factors in the down-fall of the Briand Government (October 22). For the first time in his twelve rather hectic experiences as President of the Council, M. Briand fell on a question of his own Foreign policy. The vote in the Chamber of Deputies which left M. Briand ten votes shy was on a class room question as to whether after a parliamentary body had given the right to negotiate to a

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Foreign Minister, and after such negotiations had started and international bodies were in the act of deliberation, parliament could rescind the right granted to the Minister. M. Briand maintained that it could not, but he was wrong by ten votes. Actually, the dispute was over M. Briand's agreement at The Hague to evacuate the Third Zone of the Rhineland, which France occupies, before the Young Plan has been accepted by the various parliaments and guarantees given that Germany will fulfill her remaining reparations obligations.

A PARIS LETTER

Traditionally the summer months are, in France as elsewhere, I imagine, the dulllest period of the year for the publishing business, with the possible exception of the depressing month of January which finds us penniless from compulsory extravagance.

However, we have not lacked for books during the past three months, a departure this, as most of our men of letters reserve their most brilliant endeavours for the "reentrée," or opening of the Fall season, when everybody is supposed to be back home and ready for long evenings of reading by the old-fashioned fire-place or the up to date radiator.

But in this as in everything else, it looks as though we must adapt ourselves to revolutionary conditions. Of this I shall be the very last to complain. I should not mind doing *all* of my reading in the summer, under the spreading chestnut branches, and devoting my winter evenings to the talkies or to whatever indoor amusements the coming season may hold in store for me.

M. Marcel Arland, who by all tokens is an intelligent young man, must have thought that the dog days during which most potential readers are at leisure, were the best in which to bring forth a novel in three tomes — a daring experiment at any time in present day France. If so, he showed uncommon good sense and should be heartily congratulated. Being most favourably impressed by M. Arland's previous offerings, I devoted several days almost exclusively to a careful assimilation of his new work, *L'Ordre* (N.R.F.). I was well repaid. *L'Ordre* is not a work of genius nor is it a scintillating freak such as abound in the literature most in fashion now, while presenting no other striking originality than a clear, fluent, sufficiently colourful and vigorous style, compelling delineation of character and a logical, swiftly moving plot. The reader does get violently annoyed at intervals with the man Gilbert Villars, whose vague ambitions and gifts are so pitifully wrecked because of a colossal, almost childish vanity, when the real

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pride of the conqueror, which would have proved more manly if just as ruthless, might have carried him to success. For such was, I believe, the determining factor in the failure of this twentieth century Julien Sorel, rather than the fact, too obviously and summarily tagged by M. Arland at the end of his story, that Gilbert was punished with defeat, poverty and death because he had transgressed the "order" of established things. I for one should have preferred a less bourgeois moral — if any — to this very moving tale.

Among the other good novels of the period, special mention is due Jules Romains' *Quand le navire...* (N.R.F.), a sequel to *Lucienne* and to *Le Dieu des corps*. This capital trilogy now stands complete. *La Clef des songes* by Jean Cassou (Emile-Paul) is worthy of this gifted young writer's peculiar talent; upon his shoulders seems to have fallen the cloak of Gérard de Nerval and Alain-Fournier. *Noël Mathias* by Gil Robin (Kra) is a penetrating study in creative impotency — a very successful study, psychologically, and an entertaining novel to boot. With Blaise Cendrars' *Le Plan de l'aiguille* (Sans-Pareil) we are frankly entertained. His is an adventure story — on a superior plane. In *Etes-vous fous?* (Kra) René Crevel is both puzzling and amusing. I should like to give more than a passing reference to François Berge's *Meurtre* (Sans-Pareil) and to René Glotz's *A mon gré* (Sans Pareil), the latter a most promising first novel, but lack of space forbids. To all of these, and to M. Paul Eluard's *L'Amour, la Poésie* (N.R.F.) I am indebted for many a pleasant hour in the cool shadows of my garden.

No intelligence is keener and brighter in our day than Ramon Fernandez's. His *Vie de Molière* (N.R.F.) is a striking achievement in character building by psychological deduction. Very little being known about the actual life of Molière, his latest biographer had of necessity to be blessed with an uncommon dose of insight in order to give us a "live" portrait of his subject according to the modern dictates of biography. But he also had to possess imagination and a sense of the dramatic. Documents being scarce and, oh, so dry, M. Fernandez took the only course that was open to him. He boldly attacked Molière's own great comedies and probed them for whatever clues they may have held to his

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hero's inner tragedy. In this he brilliantly succeeded. One might say that he has squeezed the famous plays dry of all that might be of use to the biographer. Such a feat is far beyond the reach of the ordinary biographer, but how much more satisfactory than the average exploiting of anecdote and legend.

Victor LLONA.

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